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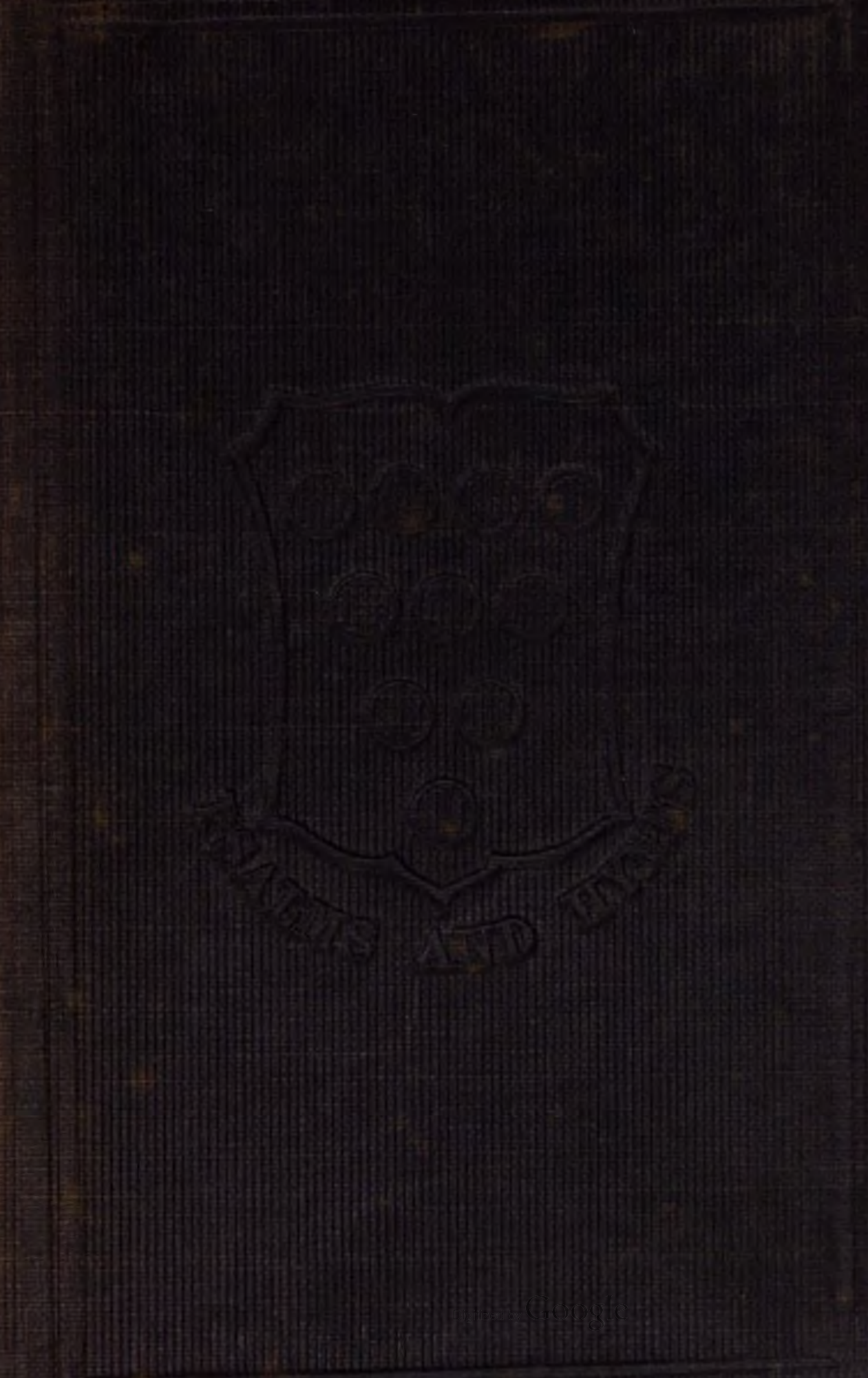

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UNDER THE SANCTION OF THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

METRICAL

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

FOR

Singing in Churches.

WORCESTER:
DEIGHTON, HIGH STREET.

MDCCCXLIX.

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[Entered at Stationer's Hall.]

1

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PREFACE.

FEW things are more desirable for the Parochial Service of our Church than an *authorized* Hymn Book. The compilation of such a book will require, what seems to have been little regarded, the united attention of the divine, the poet, and the *musician*. Till such a desideratum is supplied, dioceses, districts, or congregations, must exercise their best discretion.

In the city of Worcester, and in many parishes of the county, a Selection of Psalms and Hymns, made for local use, has long been extant. But, from its numerous faults and serious imperfections, it has fallen into disrepute. The present attempt to supply a better manual has been conducted on the following principles:—

I. That the whole be thoroughly Scriptural, and that the grand truths of the

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Gospel, and the ordinary emotions of a spiritual mind, find a constant place in it.

II. That provision be made for all such festivals, days, seasons, and other occasions, as are recognised by the Church, or observed by most congregations.

III. To have respect chiefly to *public* worship; to consult good taste; to regulate the musical scanning of the lines; to observe *lyrical* character; to avoid unusual and too many kinds of metre, (unless two or three of the same kind are eligible;) and, especially, to be as comprehensive as practicable, considering the many grades of intellect, education, and spiritual attainment, existing in our congregations.

That the Editor has satisfied himself in carrying out all these last-named purposes, is more than he can affirm. He has not unfrequently yielded to the pressure of long-standing associations, the wishes of individuals, and the reluctance both to refuse much good because of blemishes, or to ter the diction of venerated or well-known thors.

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The Metrical Psalms are selected, as far as the rule of edification allowed, from the Old and New Versions. Where neither version presented verses *likely to be sung*, some more suitable version has been adopted. In a few instances, a second version has been added. Some recognition of every Psalm in the Bible will be found in the present metrical selection.

In accordance with a somewhat general desire, several Hymns of George Wither, especially for particular days, are inserted. His Hymns, though quaint and plain, are often very apt and pointed, and always most Scriptural. Their Saxon phraseology will recommend them to our poorer people. The high and unprecedented authority which was granted by James I. to Wither's "Hymns and Songs of the Church," commends them to the attention of every churchman.

The Editor, who is writing not a *devotional* but an *explanatory* Preface, like those in the Prayer Book, regrets that he too late became acquainted with the Hymns in, what is commonly called, "Henry the Eighth's Primer."

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(1545.) They all are excellent; but some are remarkably "*spiritual*" and sweet. Their existence annihilates the recent and spreading assertion, that "Our Church, when first reformed, did away with all metrical compositions, and went back to the primitive chant and anthem." (Sermon quoted in "The Parish Choir," vol. i., p. 178.) It is curious, also, that several of these Hymns are in *trochaic* metre, though no metre of that sort occurs in either the Old or New Version.

For the convenience of instant reference, the Hymns have been arranged alphabetically. The arrangement, besides saving an index of first lines, will, it is presumed, be found generally serviceable.

It was suggested that the mention of a tune for each Hymn would be desirable. It certainly would, if any standard Book of Tunes were in common use. But, the very names of some popular tunes would sound incongruously in a *Church* Hymn Book; while many other tunes are of a character, not to say an origin, altogether unsuited to what ought to be the style of *our* congregational singing.

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As to the designation of what are usually called "Peculiar Metres," the Editor, after considerable thought and observation, has come to the conclusion, that no efficient method has yet been invented. As he cannot satisfy himself with any which he has personally attempted, he has *simply* prefixed P.M. to all Hymns which are not of the three measures which all know. This mark will be sufficient indication of *peculiarity*; and a little attention, which under any case of the sort must be given, will soon gain facility of adaptation.

Should a tune be wanted for any particular Hymn, the Publishers will furnish directions for the obtaining of it.

May He "who inhabiteth the praises of Israel," bless this effort to advance his glory in Christ Jesus!

Worcester, March 1, 1849.

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ERRATA.

In page 162, Hymn 59, verse 2, lines 3 and 4 *transposed.*

In page 319, Hymn 255, verse 1, line 3, for "charming" read "*hallow'd.*"

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PSALMS.

PSALM 1. C.M.

HOW blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk;

2 But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

3 Like some fair tree which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit doth bend;
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

4 For God approves the just man's ways;
To happiness they tend:
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

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PSALM 2. C.M.

ATTEND, O earth, whilst I declare
God's uncontroll'd decree;
Thou art my Son, this day my Heir
Have I begotten Thee.

2 Ask and receive thy full demands;
Thine shall the heathen be:
The utmost limits of the lands
Shall be possess'd by Thee.

3 Learn, then, ye princes; and give ear,
Ye judges of the earth;
Worship the Lord with holy fear;
Rejoice with awful mirth.

4 Appease the Son with due respect,
Your timely homage pay;
Lest He revenge the bold neglect,
Incens'd by your delay.

5 If but in part his anger rise,
Who can endure the flame?
Then blest are they whose hope relies
On his most holy name.

PSALM 3. C.M.

THOU, O Lord, art my defence;
On Thee my hopes rely:
Thou art my glory, and shalt yet
Lift up my head on high.

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2 Since whensoe'er in like distress
To God I made my pray'r;
He heard me from his holy hill;
Why should I now despair?

3 Guarded by Him I laid me down
My sweet repose to take;
For I through Him securely sleep,
Through Him in safety wake.

4 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
He only can defend;
His blessing He extends to all
Who on his pow'r depend.

PSALM 4. C.M.

CONSIDER that the righteous man
Is God's peculiar choice;
And when to Him I make my pray'r,
He always hears my voice.

2 Then stand in awe of his commands,
, Flee ev'ry thing that's ill;
Commune in private with your hearts,
And bend them to his will.

3 The place of other sacrifice
Let righteousness supply;
And let your hope, securely fix'd,
On God alone rely.

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4 While worldly minds impatient grow
More prosp'rous times to see;
Still let the glories of thy face
Shine brightly, Lord, on me.

5 So shall my heart o'erflow with joy,
More lasting and more true,
Than theirs, who stores of corn and wine
Successively renew.

6 Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
And take my needful rest;
No other guard, O Lord, I crave,
Of thy defence possest.

PSALM 5. C.M.

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
Accept my secret pray'r;
To Thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

2 Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear;
And with the dawning day
To Thee devoutly I'll look up,
To Thee devoutly pray.

3 And let all those who trust in Thee
With shouts their joy proclaim;
Let them rejoice whom Thou preserv'st,
And all that love thy name.

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4 To righteous men the righteous Lord
His blessing will extend;
And with his favour all his saints,
As with a shield defend.

PSALM 6. C.M.

THY dreadful anger, Lord, restrain,
And spare a soul forlorn;
Correct me not in thy fierce wrath,
Too heavy to he borne.

2 Thy wonted goodness, Lord, repeat,
And ease my troubled soul;
Lord, for thy wondrous mercy's sake,
Vouchsafe to make me whole.

3 For after death no more can I
Thy glorious acts proclaim;
No pris'ner of the silent grave
Can magnify thy name.

4 He hears and grants my humble pray'r;
And they that wish my fall,
Shall blush and rage to see that God
Protects me from them all.

PSALM 7. C.M.

LET wicked hearts and wicked men
Together be o'erthrown;
But guard the just, Thou God, to whom
The hearts of both are known.

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2 God me protects, nor only me,
But all of upright heart;
And daily lays up wrath for those
Who from his laws depart.

3 If they persist, he whets his sword—
His bow stands ready bent;
E'en now, with swift destruction wing'd,
His pointed shafts are sent.

4 Therefore will I the righteous ways
Of Providence proclaim;
I'll sing the praise of God most high,
And celebrate his name.

PSALM 8. C.M.

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame!
Through all the world how great art Thou;
How glorious is thy name!

2 In heav'n thy wondrous acts are sung;
Thy works are hallow'd there:
On earth Thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

3 By day thy beauteous frame on high
Employs our wond'ring sight:
By night the moon, which rules the sky
With stars of feebler light.

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4 Lord! what is man that Thou should'st bear
His lowly race in mind?
That they with angels glory share—
From Thee protection find?

5 O Thou, to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame!
Through all the world how great art Thou;
How glorious is thy name!

PSALM 9. C.M.

TO celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the listening world thy works,
Thy wond'rous works declare.

2 The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasures bring;
While to thy name, O Thou Most High,
Triumphant praise I sing.

3 God is a constant sure defence
Against oppressing rage;
As troubles rise, his needful aids
In our behalf engage.

4 All those who have his goodness prov'd,
Will in his truth confide;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
Who on his help relied.

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5 Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,
From Sion, his abode;
Proclaim his deeds till all the world
Confess no other God.

PSALM 10. C.M.

DO thou, O Lord, at length arise;
Stretch forth thy mighty arm;
And, by the greatness of thy pow'r,
Defend the poor from harm.

2 No longer let the wicked vaunt,
And proudly boasting say,
Tush, God regards not what we do;
He never will repay.

3 Assert thy just dominion, Lord,
Which shall for ever stand;
Thou, who the heathen didst expel
From Canaan's chosen land.

4 Thou dost the humble suppliants hear
That to thy throne repair;
Thou first prepar'st their hearts to pray,
And then accept'st their pray'r.

PSALM 11. C.M.

SINCE I have plac'd my trust in God,
A refuge always nigh;
Why should I, like a tim'rous bird,
To distant mountains fly?

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2 The Lord hath both a temple here,
And righteous throne above;
Whence he surveys the sons of men,
And how their counsels move.

3 If God the righteous, whom He loves,
For trial does correct;
What must the sons of violence,
Whom He abhors, expect?

4 The righteous Lord will righteous deeds
With signal favour grace;
And to the upright man disclose
The brightness of his face.

PSALM 12. C.M.

THE word of God shall still abide,
And void of falsehood be,
As in the silver, sev'n times tried,
From drossy mixture free.

2 The promise of his aiding grace
Shall reach the purpos'd end;
His servants from the faithless race
He ever shall defend.

3 Then shall the wicked be perplex'd,
Nor know which way to fly;
When those, whom they despis'd and vex'd,
Shall be advanc'd on high.

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PSALM 13. C.M.

HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
Must I for ever mourn?
How long wilt Thou withdraw from me,
Oh! never to return?

2 O hear, and to my longing eyes,
Restore thy wonted light;
And speedily, or I shall sleep
In everlasting night.

3 Since I have always plac'd my trust
Beneath thy mercy's wing,
Thy saving health will come, and then
My heart with joy shall spring:

4 Then shall my song, with praise inspir'd,
To Thee, my God, ascend;
Who to thy servant in distress
Such bounty didst extend.

PSALM 14. C.M.

THE Lord look'd down from heav'n to view
The race of human kind,
And learn if any rightly knew
And sought th' Eternal Mind.

2 From justice all are gone astray,
And all unclean are grown;
And of the Lord's most righteous way
Observers there are none.

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3 Oh, may the Lord salvation give,
And back our captives bring!
Then Jacob shall in triumph live,
And Israel glad shall sing.

PSALM 15. 7's.

WHO shall tow'rd thy chosen seat
Turn in glad approach his feet?
Who shall at thine altars bend?
Who to Zion's hill ascend?

2 Who, great God! a welcome guest,
On that hallow'd mountain rest?
He whose heart thy love has warm'd,
Whose will is to thine conform'd.

3 He who by thy love constrain'd,
Treads the path by Thee ordain'd;
He, great God! shall own thy care,
And thy constant blessing share.

PSALM 16. C.M.

MY soul shall bless the living Lord,
Whose precepts give me light,
And private counsel still afford
In sorrow's dismal night.

2 Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice;
My flesh shall rest in hope to rise,
Wak'd by his pow'rful voice.

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3 Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
My soul from hell shalt free;
Nor let thy Holy One in death
The least corruption see.

4 Thou shalt the paths of life display,
That to thy presence lead;
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade.

PSALM 17. C.M.

LORD, in thy paths that be most pure,
O, guide me, and preserve;
That from the way wherein I walk
My steps may never swerve.

2 For I do call to Thee, O Lord,
Thou surely wilt me aid:
Then hear my pray'r, and weigh right well
The words that I have said.

3 O Thou, the Saviour of all them
That put their trust in Thee,
Declare thy strength on them that spurn
Against thy Majesty.

4 O keep me as Thou wouldest keep
The apple of thine eye;
And under covert of thy wings
Defend me secretly.

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PSALM 18. C.M.

O GOD, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love thee;
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity:

2 My God, my rock, in whom I trust,
The worker of my wealth;
My refuge, buckler, and my shield,
The horn of all my health.

3 Thou for the loving and elect
Thy favour wilt reserve;
And Thou wilt use the wicked men
As wicked men deserve.

4 Unspotted are the ways of God,
His word is purely tried:
He is a sure defence to such
As in his faith abide.

5 For who is God, except the Lord?
For other there is none;
Or else, who is omnipotent,
Except our God alone?

PSALM 19. C.M.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.

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2 The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings;
And from the dark returns of night
Divine instruction springs.

3 God's perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires;
With sacred wisdom his sure word
The ignorant inspires.

4 The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight;
His pure commands, in search of truth,
Assist the feeblest sight.

5 Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me;
That, by thy grace preserv'd, I may
The great transgression flee.

6 So shall my pray'r and praises be
With thy acceptance blest;
And I secure on thy defence,
My strength and Saviour, rest.

PSALM 20. C.M.

TO thy salvation, Lord, for aid
We cheerfully repair;
With banners in thy name display'd,
The Lord accept thy pray'r.

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2 Our hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord
Our Sov'reign will defend;
From heav'n resistless aid afford,
And to his pray'r attend.

3 Some trust in steeds for war designed;
On chariots some rely:
Against them all we call to mind
The pow'r of God most high.

4 Still save us, Lord, and still proceed
Our rightful cause to bless;
Hear, King of heav'n, in times of need,
The pray'rs that we address.

PSALM 21. C.M.

MESSIAH, [*or* The King, O] Lord, with songs of praise
Shall in thy strength rejoice;
With thy salvation crown'd, shall He
Uplift his cheerful voice.

2 For Thou, whate'er his lips request,
Not only dost impart,
But hast with thy acceptance blest
The wishes of his heart.

3 Thy sure defence through nations round
Has spread his glorious name;
And his successful actions crown'd
With majesty and fame.

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4 Eternal blessings Thou bestow'st,
And mak'st his joys increase;
Whilst Thou to Him unclouded show'st
The brightness of thy face.

5 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous strength disclose,
And thus exalt thy fame;
Whilst we glad songs of praise compose
To thy almighty name.

PSALM 22. C.M.

YE worshippers of Jacob's God,
All you of Israel's line,
O praise the Lord, and to your praise
Sincere obedience join.

2 Then shall the glad converted world
To God their homage pay;
And scatter'd nations of the earth
One Sov'reign Lord obey.

3 'Tis his supreme prerogative
O'er subject kings to reign:
'Tis just that He should rule the world,
Who does the world sustain.

4 Then shall a chosen spotless race,
Devoted to his name,
To their admiring heirs his truth
And glorious acts proclaim.

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PSALM 23. C.M.

THE Lord Himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide;
The Shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.

2 He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

3 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

4 Since God does thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to Him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

PSALM 24. C.M.

ERECT your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold to entertain
The King of glory: see, He comes
With his celestial train!

2 Who is this King of glory?—who?
The Lord for strength renown'd;
In battle mighty, o'er his foes
Eternal victor crown'd.

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3 Erect your heads, ye gates, unfold
In state to entertain
The King of glory: see, He comes
With all his shining train!

4 Who is this King of glory?—who?
The Lord of Hosts renown'd;
Of glory He alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.

PSALM 25. S.M.

TO God, in whom I trust,
I lift my heart and voice;
O let me not be put to shame,
Nor let my foes rejoice.

2 To me thy truth impart,
And lead me in thy way;
For Thou art He that brings me help:
On Thee I'd wait all day.

3 Thy mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind,
And graciously continue still,
As Thou wert ever kind.

4 Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by Thee;
And for thy wond'rous goodness' sake,
In mercy think on me.

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5 His mercy and his truth
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wand'ring sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.

6 He those in justice guides
Who his direction seek;
And in his sacred paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.

PSALM 26. C.M.

PROVE me, my God; I Thee desire
My ways to search and try;
As men do prove their gold with fire,
My heart and reins espy.

2 O God! Thy house I love most dear,
To me it doth excel;
My chief delight is to be near
The place where Thou dost dwell.

3 And I resolve in righteousness
My time and days to spend;
Therefore, that I may not transgress,
Me let thy grace defend!

PSALM 27. C.M.

WHOM should I fear, since God to me
Is saving health and light?
Since strongly He my life supports,
What can my soul affright?

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2 Henceforth within his house to dwell
I earnestly desire;
His wondrous beauty there to view,
And of his will inquire.

3 When us to seek thy glorious face
Thou kindly dost advise;
Thy glorious face I'll always seek,
My grateful heart replies.

4 God's time with patient faith expect,
Who will inspire thy breast
With inward strength: do thou thy part,
And leave to Him the rest.

PSALM 28. C.M.

TO render thanks unto the Lord,
How great a cause have I;
My voice, my pray'r, and my complaint
That heard so willingly!

2 He is my shield and fortitude,
My buckler in distress;
My heart rejoiceth greatly, and
My song shall Him confess.

3 He is our strength and our defence,
Our foemen to resist;
The health and the salvation of
His own elect by Christ.

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4 Thy people and thy heritage,
Lord, bless, guide, and preserve!
Increase them, Lord, and rule their hearts,
That they may never swerve.

PSALM 29. C.M.

GIVE to the Lord, ye potentates,
Give ye, with one accord,
All praise and honour, might and strength,
Unto the living Lord!

2 Give glory to his holy name,
And honour Him alone;
Give worship to his Majesty,
Upon his holy throne!

3 The Lord will give his people strength,
Whereby they shall increase;
And He will bless his chosen flock
With everlasting peace.

PSALM 30. C.M.

I'LL celebrate thy praises, Lord,
Who didst thy pow'r employ
To raise my drooping head, and check
My foes' insulting joy.

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2 Thus to his courts, ye saints of his,
With songs of praise repair;
With me commemorate his truth,
And providential care.

3 His wrath has but a moment's reign,
His favour no decay;
Your night of grief is recompens'd
With joy's returning day.

4 Exalted thus, I'll gladly sing
Thy praise in grateful verse;
And, as thy favours endless are,
Thy endless praise rehearse.

PSALM 31. S.M.

TO Thee, the God of truth,
My life, and all that's mine,
(For Thou preserv'dst me from my youth,)
I willingly resign.

2 Whate'er events betide,
Thy wisdom times them all;
Then, Lord, thy servant safely hide
From those that seek his fall.

3 The brightness of thy face
To me, O Lord, disclose;
And, as thy mercies still increase,
Preserve me from my foes.

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4 How great thy mercies are
To such as fear thy name;
Which Thou, for those that trust thy care,
Dost to the world proclaim!

5 Ye that on God rely,
Courageously proceed:
For He will still your hearts supply
With strength in time of need.

PSALM 32. L.M.

HE'S blest, whose sins have pardon gain'd,
No more in judgment to appear;
Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,
And whose repentance is sincere.

2 True penitents shall e'er succeed, [found;
Who seek Thee whil'st Thou may'st be
They, from the common deluge free'd,
Shall see remorseless sinners drown'd.

3 Sorrows on sorrows multiplied
The harden'd sinner shall confound;
But them who in his truth confide,
Blessings of mercy shall surround.

4 His saints, who love and keep his laws,
Their life in triumph shall employ;
Let them, as they alone have cause,
In grateful raptures shout for joy.

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PSALM 33. C.M.

LET all the just to God with joy
Their cheerful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

2 How faithful is the word of God!
His works with truth abound;
He justice loves, and all the earth
Is with his goodness crown'd.

3 By his almighty word at first
The heav'nly arch was rear'd;
And all the beauteous host of light
At his command appear'd.

4 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees
Shall stand for ever sure;
The settled purpose of his heart
To ages shall endure.

PSALM 34. C.M.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy;
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distrest,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

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3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to Him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just:
Deliv'rance He affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

5 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

6 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

PSALM 35. C.M.

AGAINST all those that strive with me,
O Lord, assert my right;
With such as war unjustly wage
Do Thou my battles fight.

2 Thy buckler take, and bind thy shield
Upon thy warlike arm;
Stand up, my God, in my defence,
And keep me safe from harm.

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3 So I, before the list'ning world,
Shall grateful thanks express;
And, where the great assembly meets,
Thy name with praises bless.

4 So shall my tongue thy judgments sing,
Inspir'd with grateful joy;
And cheerful hymns in praise of Thee
Shall all my days employ.

PSALM 36. L.M.

O LORD, thy mercy (my sure hope)
The highest orb of heav'n transcends;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
Beyond the spreading sky extends.

2 Thy justice, like the hills, remains;
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world sustains;
The whole creation is thy care.

3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust!

4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led
To banquet on thy love's repast,
And drink, as from a fountain-head,
Of joy that shall for ever last.

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5 With Thee the springs of life remain;
Thy presence is eternal day:
O let thy saints thy favour gain,
To upright hearts thy truth display.

PSALM 37. L.M.

DEPEND on God, and Him obey;
So thou within the land shalt stay,
Secure from danger and from want:
Make his commands thy chief delight;
And He, thy duty to requite,
Shall all thy earnest wishes grant.

2 His constant care the upright guides,
And over all their life presides;
Their portion shall for ever last:
They, when distress o'erwhelms the earth,
Shall be unmov'd, and e'en in dearth
The happy fruits of plenty taste.

3 The good man's way is God's delight,
He orders all the steps aright
Of him that moves by his command:
Though he sometimes may be distress'd,
Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd,
For God upholds him with his hand.

4 Observe the perfect man with care,
And mark all such as upright are;

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Their roughest days in peace shall end:
While on the latter end of those,
Who dare God's sacred will oppose,
A common ruin shall attend.

PSALM 38. C.M.

THY chast'ning wrath, O Lord, restrain,
Though I deserve it all;
Nor let at once on me the storm
Of thy displeasure fall.

2 My sins, that to a deluge swell,
My sinking head o'erflow;
And for my feeble strength to bear
Too vast a burden grow.

3 Forsake me not, O Lord my God,
Nor far from me depart;
Make haste to my relief, O Thou
Who my salvation art.

PSALM 39. C.M.

LORD, let me know my term of days,
How soon my life will end;
The num'rous trains of ills disclose,
Which this frail state attend.

2 My life, Thou know'st, is but a span—
A cipher sums my years;
And ev'ry man, in best estate,
But vanity appears.

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3 Man, like a shadow, vainly walks,
With fruitless cares oppress'd;
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
By whom 'twill be possess'd.

4 Why, then, should I on worthless toys
With anxious care attend?
On Thee alone my steadfast hope
Shall ever, Lord, depend.

PSALM 40. L.M.

I WAITED meekly for the Lord,
Till He vouchsaf'd a kind reply;
Who did his gracious ear afford,
And heard from heav'n my humble cry.

2 The wonders He for me has wrought
Shall fill my mouth with songs of praise;
And others, to his worship brought,
To hopes of like deliv'rance raise.

3 Then let those mercies I declar'd
To others, Lord, extend to me;
Thy loving kindness my reward,
Thy truth my safe protection be.

4 While those who humbly seek thy face,
To joyful triumphs shall be rais'd;
And all who prize thy saving grace
With me resound, The Lord be prais'd.

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PSALM 41. C.M.

HOW blest the man whose tender care
Relieves the poor distrest;
When troubles compass him around,
The Lord shall give him rest.

2 Secure of this, to Thee, my God,
I thus my pray'r address'd;
Lord, for thy mercy, heal my soul,
Though I have much transgress'd.

3 Thy tender care secures my life
From danger and disgrace;
And Thou vouchsaf'st to set me still
Before thy glorious face.

4 Let, therefore, Israel's Lord and God
From age to age be bless'd;
And all the people's glad applause
With loud Amens express'd.

PSALM 42. C.M.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase;
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
O, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine.

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3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

4 But when thy presence, Lord of life,
Has once dispell'd this storm,
To Thee I'll midnight anthems sing,
And all my vows perform.

5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

PSALM 43. L.M.

JUST Judge of heav'n, against my foes,
Do Thou assert my injur'd right;
O set me free, my God, from those
That in deceit and wrong delight.

2 Let me with light and truth be blest:
Be Thou my guide, and lead the way,
Till on thy holy hill I rest,
And in thy sacred temple pray.

3 Then will I there fresh altars raise
To God, who is my only joy;
And well-tun'd harps, with songs of praise,
Shall all my grateful hours employ.

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4 Why then cast down, my soul, and why
So much oppress'd with anxious care?
On God—thy God—for aid rely,
Who will thy ruin'd state repair.

PSALM 44. C.M.

O LORD, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days perform'd,
And elder times than theirs.

2 As Thee their God our fathers own'd,
Thou art our Sov'reign King:
O, therefore, as Thou didst to them,
To us deliv'rance bring.

3 Arise, O Lord, and timely haste
To our deliv'rance make;
Redeem us, Lord, if not for ours,
Yet for thy mercy's sake.

PSALM 45. C.M.

WHILE I the King's loud praise rehearse,
Indited by my heart,
My tongue is like the pen of him
That writes with ready art.

2 How matchless is thy form, O King!
Thy mouth with grace o'erflows;
Because fresh blessings God on Thee
Eternally bestows.

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3 Gird on thy sword, most mighty Prince;
And, clad in rich array,
With glorious ornaments of pow'r
Majestic pomp display.

4 Ride on in state, and still protect
The meek, the just, and true;
Whilst thy right hand with swift revenge
Does all thy foes pursue.

5 Thy throne, O God, is firmly fix'd,
For ever to endure;
Thy sceptre's sway shall always last,
By righteous laws secure.

6 On thee thy God, the eternal God,
The oil of gladness shed;
And hath, above thy fellows round,
Advanced thy lofty head.

PSALM 45. P.M.

VERSION II.

WITH hearts in love abounding,
Prepare we now to sing
A lofty theme, resounding
Thy praise, Almighty King

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Whose love, rich gifts bestowing,
Redeemed the human race;
Whose lips, with zeal o'erflowing,
Breathe words of truth and grace.

2 In majesty transcendent,
Gird on thy conquering sword;
In righteousness resplendent,
Ride on, Incarnate Word!
Ride on, O King Messiah,
To glory and renown;
Pierc'd by thy darts of fire,
Be every foe o'erthrown!

3 So reign, O God, in heaven,
Eternally the same;
And endless praise be given
To thy eternal name!
Clothed in thy dazzling brightness,
Thy Church on earth behold,
In robe of purest whiteness,
In raiment wrought of gold.

4 And let each Gentile nation
Come gladly in her train,
To share thy great salvation,
And join her grateful strain.
Then ne'er shall note of sadness
Awake the trembling string;
One song of joy and gladness
The ransom'd world shall sing!

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PSALM 46. P.M.

GOD is our refuge in distress,
A present help when dangers press:
In Him, undaunted, we'll confide,
Though earth were from her centre tost,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Uprooted by the roaring tide.

2 A gentler stream with gladness still
The city of our Lord shall fill
The royal seat of God most high:
God dwells in Sion, whose fair tow'rs
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly pow'rs,
While His almighty aid is nigh.

3 Submit to God's almighty sway!
For Him the heathen shall obey,
And earth her sov'reign Lord confess.
The Lord of Hosts conducts our arms;
Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in distress.

PSALM 46. C.M.

VERSION II.

GOD is our refuge tried and prov'd
Amid a stormy world;
We will not fear though earth be mov'd,
And hills in ocean hurl'd.

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2 The waves may roar, the mountains shake,
Our comforts shall not cease:
The Lord his saints will not forsake;
The Lord will give us peace.

3 A gentle stream of hope and love
To us shall ever flow;
It issues from his throne above,
It cheers his Church below.

4 When earth and hell against us came,
He spake and quell'd their pow'rs;
The Lord of Hosts is still the same,
The God of grace is ours.

PSALM 47. L.M.

O ALL ye people, clap your hands,
And with triumphant voices sing;
No force the mighty pow'r withstands
Of God, the universal King.

2 God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With shouts of joy and trumpet's sound;
To Him repeated praises sing,
And let your cheerful songs abound.

3 Your utmost skill in praise be shown
For Him, who all the world commands;
Who sits upon His righteous throne,
And spreads His sway o'er heathen lands.

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PSALM 47. P.M.

VERSION II.

YE that love the Saviour's name,
Shout, your King is on his throne,
Terrible his foes to tame,
Mighty to protect his own.
He hath triumph'd o'er the grave,
He is risen strong to save.

2 Onward shall his empire flow
Over all that live and move,
Till his will is done below
As within his courts above.
Satan, sense and sin subdu'd,
Evil all reduc'd to good.

3 Shout, ye people of the Lord,
Ye shall rise with Him to reign;
He his servants shall reward,
Dry their tears, and burst their chain.
All that live, your homage bring,
Praise, O praise, your Saviour King.

PSALM 48. C.M.

THE Lord, the only God, is great,
And greatly to be prais'd
In Sion, on whose happy mount
His sacred throne is rais'd.

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2 Not in our fortresses and walls
Do we, O God, confide;
But on thy temple fix our hopes,
In which Thou dost reside.

3 According to thy sov'reign name,
Thy praise through earth extends;
Thy pow'rful arm, as justice guides,
Chastises or defends.

4 This God is ours, and will be ours,
Whilst we in Him confide;
Who, as He has preserv'd us now,
Till death will be our guide.

PSALM 49. C.M.

JEHOVAH speaks; let man be aw'd,
And deep attention give:
Ye sinners, hear the way to God
Ye dead, arise and live!

2 Trust not in earthly wealth and show,
Vain, vain, are they to save:
Gold cannot buy release from woe,
Or ransom from the grave.

3 Worlds cannot reach the mighty price
Of one immortal soul;
No, Lord, thy blood and sacrifice
Alone can make us whole.

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4 In Thee be our Salvation sure,
No other wealth we seek:
We're rich in Thee, however poor,
And strong, however weak.

PSALM 50. P.M.

THE Lord hath spoke, the mighty God
Hath sent his summons all abroad,
From dawning light till day declines:
The list'ning earth His voice hath heard,
And He from Sion hath appear'd,
Where beauty in perfection shines.

2 Our God shall come, and keep no more
Misconstru'd silence, as before;
But wasting flames before Him send:
Around shall tempests fiercely rage,
While He does heav'n and earth engage
His just tribunal to attend.

3 Assemble all my saints to me,
(Thus runs the great divine decree,)
That in my lasting cov'nant live;
And off'rings bring with constant care:
The heav'ns his justice shall declare,
For God himself shall sentence give.

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PSALM 51. S.M.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As Thou wert ever kind;
Let me, opprest with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

2 Against Thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgress'd, and, tho' condemn'd,
Must own thy judgment right.

3 In guilt each part was form'd
Of all this sinful frame;
In guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
The heir of sin and shame.

4 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

5 Withdraw not Thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight;
Nor let thy holy spirit take
Its everlasting flight.

6 The joy thy favour gives
Let me again obtain;
And thy free spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

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PSALM 52. C.M.

IN vain the pow'rs of darkness try
To work the Church's ill:
The Friend of sinners reigns on high,
And checks them at his will.

2 Though mischief in their hearts may dwell,
And on their tongues deceit;
A word of his their pride can quell,
And all their aims defeat.

3 Let worldlings pant for worldly wealth;
Its worth his people see:
The Lord is their desire and health;
The Lord will strengthen me.

4 My trust is in his grace alone;
His house shall be my home:
How sweet his mercies past to own,
And hope for more to come!

PSALM 53. L.M.

LORD, what a world of sense and sin
Is this, is this, without, within!
What feelings in thy breast must rise,
When Thou look'st hither from the skies!

2 Thy glorious work so overthrown,
Thy children all rebellious grown,
Thy fellow'rs faint and few, and those
Encompass'd by unnumber'd foes.

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3 O that thy gospel were gone forth
From east to west, from south to north!
Thy people back to Zion come,
And all thy outcasts gathered home!

4 Arise, great Sun of righteousness!
Arise, the world to light and bless!
From realm to realm advance and shine,
Till ev'ry heart and hand are thine!

PSALM 54. C.M.

LORD, save me, for thy glorious name,
And in thy strength appear
To judge my cause; accept my pray'r,
And to my words give ear.

2 While I my grateful off'ring bring,
And sacrifice with joy;
And in his praise my time to come
Delightfully employ.

PSALM 55. C.M.

GIVE ear, Thou judge of all the earth,
And listen when I pray;
Nor from thy humble suppliant turn
Thy glorious face away.

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2 How often have I wish'd that I
The dove's swift wings could get;
That I might take my speedy flight,
And seek a safe retreat.

3 Then would I wander far from hence,
And in wild deserts stray,
Till all this furious storm were spent,
This tempest past away.

4 But I will call on God, who still
Shall in my aid appear;
At morn, and noon, and night I'll pray,
And He my voice shall hear.

PSALM 56. C.M.

I GLORY in the word of God,
To praise it I accord;
With joy I will declare abroad
The promise of the Lord.

2 I trust in God the Lord, and say,
As I before began,
The Lord He is my help and stay,
I do not care for man.

3 I will perform with heart most free
My vows to God always,
And I, O Lord, all times to Thee
Will offer thanks and praise.

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4 My soul from death Thou dost defend,
And keep'st my feet upright,
That I before Thee may ascend
With such as live in light.

PSALM 57. L.M.

O GOD, my heart is fix'd and bent,
Its faithful tribute to present;
And with my heart my voice I'll raise
To Thee, my God, in songs of praise.

2 Awake my glory, harp, and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

3 Be Thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till Thou art here as there obey'd.

PSALM 58. P.M.

CHRISTIANS, are the words you speak,
Like your Master's, kind and meek?
Do you judge your fellow men
you would be judg'd again?

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2 Do you in your conduct prove
Children of a God of love,—
Good and gentle, just and true,
As your Lord has been to you?

3 Ah, the bitterness of sin
Lurks the fallen heart within,
And from thence perennial flows,
Poisoning, blighting as it goes!

4 Lord, the slanderer's malice blast;
Let it come to nought at last:
Let thy rescued people cry,
"Yea, there is a God on high!"

PSALM 59. C.M.

DEFEND and save me from my foes,
O Lord, I pray to Thee:
Preserve my trembling soul from those
Who daily strive with me.

2 'Tis by thy strength alone I stand;
On Thee my hopes depend;
For Thou art still a help at hand,
Who only canst defend.

3 Since Thou hast been my help, O God,
My refuge in distress,
I'll tell thy gracious acts abroad,
Thy glorious name confess.

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4 'Tis from thy boundless pow'r and grace
My health and safety spring;
And early songs of grateful praise
My joyful heart shall bring.

PSALM 60. L.M.

WHY hast Thou cast us off, O Lord?
Return, return, thy Church to aid;
We sink beneath thy chast'ning rod;
O, heal the breaches Thou hast made!

2 How long wilt Thou thy people prove?
How long the cup of trembling give?
Unfurl the banner of thy love;
Proclaim thy grace, and bid us live.

3 'Tis sweet in trouble's gath'ring night
To muse on thy unfailing word;
To think of all thy love and might,
And, trembling, trust in Thee, O Lord.

4 Vain is the help that earthly things
Or earthly patrons can bestow;
But Thou be with us, King of Kings,
And soon we tread on ev'ry foe.

PSALM 61. C.M.

WHEN sinks my heart in gloom and grief,
And earth no aid supplies,
One hope remains, one sure relief,
To heav'n I lift my eyes.

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2 The Lord Omnipotent is there,
The rock no power can move,
The ear that thrills to ev'ry prayer,
The heart that teems with love.

3 My shield, my tower, Thou, Lord hast been,
My refuge still Thou art;
Thy spreading wings shall be my screen
When all beside depart.

4 There would my soul in peace repose,
In Thee her portion claim;
And choose her heritage with those
Who fear thy holy name.

5 O, shower thy graces on my heart!
O, fill my mouth with praise!
And, daily, more of zeal impart,
To love and keep thy ways.

PSALM 62. L.M.

GOD does his saving health dispense,
And flowing blessings daily send;
He is my fortress and defence,
On Him my soul shall still depend.

2 In Him, ye people, always trust,
Before his throne pour out your hearts
For God, the merciful and just,
His timely aid to us imparts.

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3 For God has oft his will express'd,
And I this truth have fully known;
To be of boundless power possess'd
Belongs of right to God alone.

4 Though mercy is his darling grace,
In which He chiefly takes delight,
Yet will He all the human race
According to their works requite.

PSALM 63. P.M.

O GOD, my gracious God, to Thee
My morning pray'rs shall offer'd be;
For Thee my thirsty soul doth pant:
My fainting flesh implores thy grace,
Within this dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.

2 O, to my longing eyes once more
That view of glorious pow'r restore,
Which thy majestic house displays!
Because to me thy wondrous love
Than life itself does dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak thy praise.

3 My life, while I that life enjoy,
In blessing God I will employ,
With lifted hands adore his name;
My soul's content shall be as great
As theirs who choicest dainties eat,
While I with joy his praise proclaim.

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PSALM 64. C.M.

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
To my request give ear;
Preserve my life from cruel foes,
And free my soul from fear.

O, hide me with thy tend'rest care
In some secure retreat,
From sinners that against me rise,
And all their plots defeat.

3 The world shall then God's pow'r confess,
And nations, trembling, stand
Convinc'd that 'tis the mighty work
Of his avenging hand.

4 Whilst righteous men, whom God secures,
In Him shall gladly trust;
And all the list'ning earth shall hear
Loud triumphs of the just.

PSALM 65. L.M.

FOR Thee, O God, our constant praise
In Sion waits thy chosen seat;
Our promis'd altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.

2 O, Thou, who to my humble pray'r
Didst always bend thy list'ning ear,
To Thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

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3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try;
Whilst Thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.

4 Blest is the man, who, near Thee plac'd,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives;
Whilst we, at humbler distance, taste
The vast delights thy temple gives.

PSALM 66. C.M.

LET all the lands with shouts of joy
To God their voices raise;
Sing psalms in honour of his name,
And spread his glorious praise.

2 He, by his pow'r, for ever rules;
His eyes the world survey:
Let no presumptuous man rebel
Against his sov'reign sway.

3 O, come, all ye that fear the Lord,
Attend with heedful care,
Whilst I what God for me has done,
With grateful joy declare.

4 For God to me, whene'r I cried,
His gracious ear did bend;
And to the voice of my request,
With constant love attend.

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5 Then bless'd for ever be my God,
Who never, when I pray,
Withholds his mercy from my soul,
Nor turns his face away.

PSALM 67. S.M.

TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine.

2 That so thy wondrous ways
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

4 O let them shout and sing,
Dissolv'd in holy mirth;
For Thou the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

5 Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

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PSALM 68. L.M.

ASCENDING high, in triumph Thou
Captivity hast captive led,
And on thy people didst bestow
The spoil of armies, once their dread.

2 E'en rebels shall partake thy grace,
And humble proselytes repair
To worship at thy dwelling-place,
And all the world pay homage there.

3 For benefits each day bestow'd,
Be daily his great name ador'd,
Who is our Saviour and our God,
Of life and death the Sov'reign Lord.

4 Ascribe ye pow'r to God most high,
Of humble Israel He takes care;
Whose strength from out the dusky sky
Darts shining terrors through the air.

5 How dreadful are the sacred courts,
Where God has fix'd his earthly throne;
His strength his feeble saints supports:
To God give praise, and Him alone.

PSALM 69. L.M.

SAVE me, O God, from waves that roll,
And press to overwhelm my soul;
With painful steps in mire I tread,
And deluges o'erflow my head.

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2 But, Lord, to Thee I will repair
For help with humble timely pray'r;
Relieve me from thy mercy's store,
Display thy truth's preserving pow'r.

3 Controul the deluge ere it spread,
And roll its waves above my head;
Nor deep destruction's open pit
To close her jaws on me permit.

4 Yea me, howe'er distress'd and poor,
Thy strong salvation shall restore;
Thy pow'r, with songs, I'll then proclaim,
And celebrate with thanks thy name.

PSALM 70. L.M.

O LORD, to my relief draw near,
For great and pressing is my need;
For my deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
And add to that deliv'rance speed.

2 Their doom let desolation be,
With shame their malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my confidence in Thee,
And sport of my affliction made.

3 While those, who humbly seek thy face,
To joyful triumphs shall be rais'd;
And all who prize thy saving grace,
With me shall sing, the Lord be prais'

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PSALM 71. C.M.

IN Thee I put my steadfast trust,
Defend me, Lord, from shame;
Incline thine ear, and save my soul,
For righteous is thy name.

2 Be Thou my strong abiding place,
To which I may resort:
'Tis thy decree that keeps me safe;
Thou art my rock and fort.

3 Thy righteous acts and saving health
My mouth shall still declare;
Unable yet to count them all,
Though summ'd with utmost care.

4 While God vouchsafes me his support,
I'll in his strength go on;
All other righteousness disclaim,
And mention his alone.

5 Then joy shall fill my mouth, and songs
Employ my cheerful voice;
My grateful soul by Thee redeem'd,
Shall in thy strength rejoice.

PSALM 72. C.M.

TO Christ shall ev'ry King on earth
His humble homage pay,
And diff'ring nations gladly join
To own his righteous sway.

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2 For He shall set the needy free,
When they for succour cry;
Shall save the helpless and the poor,
And all their wants supply.

3 The mem'ry of his glorious name
Through endless years shall run;
His spotless fame shall shine as bright
And lasting as the sun.

4 In Him the nations of the world
Shall be completely bless'd,
And his unbounded happiness
By every tongue confess'd.

5 Then bless'd be God, the mighty Lord,
The God whom Israel fears;
Who only wondrous in his works
Beyond compare appears.

6 Let earth be with his glory fill'd,
And ever bless his name;
Whilst to his praise the list'ning world
Their glad assent proclaim.

PSALM 73. L.M.

WHOM, Lord, in heav'n, but Thee alone
Have I, whose favour I require;
Throughout the spacious earth there's n
That I besides Thee can desire.

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2 My trembling flesh and aching heart
May often fail to succour me;
But God shall inward strength impart,
And my eternal portion be.

3 For they that far from Thee remove,
Shall into sudden ruin fall;
If after other gods they rove,
Thy vengeance shall destroy them all.

4 But as for me, 'tis good and just,
That I should still to God repair;
In Him I always put my trust,
And will his wondrous works declare.

PSALM 74. C.M.

THOU heretofore, with kingly pow'r,
In our defence has fought;
For us, throughout the wond'ring world,
Hast great salvation wrought.

2 Thine is the cheerful day, and thine
The black return of night;
Thou hast prepar'd the glorious sun,
And ev'ry feebler light;

3 By Thee the borders of the earth
In perfect order stand;
The summer's warmth, and winter's cold,
Attend on thy command,

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4 Thy ancient cov'nant, Lord, regard,
And make thy promise good;
Nor let each corner of the land
Be fill'd with men of blood.

PSALM 75. P.M.

THAT Thou, O Lord, art ever nigh,
Though veil'd in awful majesty,
Thy mighty works declare:
Thy hand this earthly frame upholds,
Thine eye the universe beholds,
With providential care.

2 Thou settest up, and pullest down:
The ruler's power, the monarch's crown,
Thy hands alone bestow:
In Thee all creatures live and move;
Thou reign'st supreme in heav'n above,
And in the earth below.

3 Great King of kings, and Lord of lords,
Whose hand chastises and rewards,
Thee only we adore:
To Thee the voice of praise shall rise,
In hallelujahs to the skies,
Till time shall be no more!

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PSALM 76. S.M.

GOD in his Church is known,
The God of love and might;
He rears in her his earthly throne,
He tends her day and night.

2 The pow'rs of death and hell
In vain her peace oppose;
A word of his the storm can quell,
And scatter all her foes.

3 The Lord to judgment came;
Earth trembled, and was still:
'Tis his, 'tis his, the proud to tame,
And shield the meek from ill.

4 The fury of his foes
Fulfils but his decree;
Ye saints, on Him your hopes repose,
And He your strength will be.

PSALM 77. C.M.

TO God I cried, who to my help
Did graciously repair;
In trouble's dismal day I sought
My God with humble pray'r.

2 Can his long-practis'd love forget
Its wonted aids to bring?
Has He in wrath shut up and seal'd
His mercy's healing spring?

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3 I'll call to mind his works of old,
The wonders of his might;
On them my heart shall meditate,
My tongue shall them recite.

4 Safe lodg'd from human search on high,
O God, thy counsels are!
Who is so great a God as ours?
Who can with Him compare?

PSALM 78. C.M.

MY tongue, by inspiration taught,
Shall parables unfold,
Dark oracles, but understood,
And own'd for truths of old.

2 We will not hide them from our sons;
Our offspring shall be taught
The praises of the Lord, whose strength
Has works of wonder wrought.

3 For Jacob he this law ordain'd;
This league with Israel made;
With charge to be from age to age,
From race to race, convey'd:

4 That generations yet to come
Should to their unborn heirs
Religiously transmit the same,
And they again to theirs.

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5 To teach them that in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they should ne'er forget his works,
But keep his just commands.

PSALM 79. C.M.

HOW long wilt Thou be angry, Lord?
Must we for ever mourn?
Shall thy devouring jealous rage,
Like fire, for ever burn?

Thou God of our salvation, help,
And free our souls from blame;
So shall our pardon and defence
Exalt thy glorious name.

3 So we, thy people and thy flock,
Shall ever praise thy name;
And with glad hearts our grateful thanks
From age to age proclaim.

PSALM 80. L.M.

O ISRAEL'S Shepherd, Joseph's Friend,
So strong to help, so swift to hear,
Again on cherub wings descend,
Thy suff'ring flock to guide and cheer.

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2 Do Thou convert us, Lord; do Thou
The brightness of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scattered clouds, shall pass away.

3 O, Thou, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?
How long thy suff'ring people pray,
And to their pray'rs have no return?

4 Do Thou convert us, Lord; do Thou
The brightness of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scattered clouds, shall pass away.

PSALM 81. C.M.

SING and be glad! in God rejoice;
He is our strength and stay:
Lift up with me your joyful voice
To Jacob's God alway.

2 The tabret bring!—the psalm prepare!
All melody combine!
Come, strike the harp!—the lute most sweet,
In softest notes shall join.

3 Let trumpets blow with loudest notes,
And sounds of glory raise,
To celebrate th' appointed day—
The day of solemn praise!

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4 This was a statute, this a law,
By Jacob's God decreed;
This was with pious care observ'd
By Isr'els chosen seed.

PSALM 82. C.M.

THE Lord among the mighty stands,
Where his impartial eye
Surveys the deeds of earthly pow'rs,
And will their judgments try.

2 O never, then, unjustly judge,
Nor for the wicked plead:
Defend the orphan and the poor,
And succour those in need.

3 Save from his foes the helpless man,
When sunk in deep distress;
And let him not become a prey,
To such as would oppress.

4 Arise, O God, and judge the earth;
Thy righteousness display:
The world is thine inheritance,
And man shall own thy sway.

PSALM 83. S.M.

ASSERT thy claims, O God!
Arouse thy slumb'ring pow'rs!
And crush beneath thy conqu'ring rod
Thy enemies and ours.

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2 The crafty and the strong
Conspire 'gainst Thee and thine,
O shield thy hidden ones from wrong,
And blast their foes' design.

3 O let the same right arm,
That help'd our sires of yore,
Preserve thy people still from harm,
And their faint hopes restore.

4 Let thy prevailing name
Throughout the earth be known;
Put Satan and his hosts to shame,
And glorify thy own.

PSALM 84. C.M.

HOW pleasant is thy dwelling-place,
O Lord of Hosts, to me!
The tabernacles of thy grace,
How pleasant, Lord, they be!

2 My soul doth long full sore to go
Into thy courts abroad;
My heart and flesh cry out also,
For Thee, the living God.

3 The sparrows find a room to rest,
And save themselves from wrong;
The swallow also hath a nest,
Wherein to keep her young.

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4 These birds full nigh thy altar may
Have place to sit and sing;
O Lord of Hosts, Thou art alway
My only God and King!

PSALM 85. C.M.

I'LL hear what God the Lord doth say:
To his He speaketh peace:
And to his saints that never they
Return to foolishness.

2 For why? his help is still at hand
To such as do Him fear.
Whereby great glory in our land
Shall dwell and flourish there.

3 For truth and mercy there shall meet
In one to take their place;
And peace with kiss shall justice greet,
And there they shall embrace.

4 Truth from the earth shall spring apace,
And flourish pleasantly:
So righteousness shall show her face,
And look from heav'n most high.

5 Yea, God Himself shall take in hand
To give us each good thing;
And through the coasts of all the land,
The earth her fruit shall bring.

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PSALM 86. C.M.

THOU, Lord, art good; not only good,
But prompt to pardon, too;
Of plenteous mercy to all those
Who for thy mercy sue.

2 Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I
From truth shall ne'er depart;
In rev'rence to thy sacred name,
Devoutly fix my heart.

3 Thee will I praise, O Lord, my God,
Praise Thee with heart sincere;
And to thy everlasting name
Eternal trophies rear.

4 For Thou thy constant goodness didst
To my assistance bring;
Of patience, mercy, and of truth,
Thou everlasting spring!

PSALM 87. S.M.

THE Church of God below
Is like his Church above,
Safe shielded from her every foe
By heav'nly pow'r and love.

2 On high and holy ground
Her deep foundations rest;
And God within her courts is found
An omnipresent guest.

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3 He loves her sacred gates,
Her solemn praise and pray'r;
And none that humbly on Him waits,
Shall fail to find Him there.

4 The Church of God below
Shall yet more honour'd be;
The nations to her side shall flow,
The world her glories see.

5 O blest and favour'd men,
That in her courts are born!
Their life but sets to rise again
In heav'ns eternal morn.

PSALM 88. C.M.

O GOD, my Saviour, to my voice
Incline thy gracious ear:
By day, by night, to Thee I pray,
Vouchsafe my pray'r to hear.

2 For troubles sore depress my soul,
My hopes are almost fled;
My life draws nigh unto the grave,
I'm counted with the dead.

3 To Thee, my gracious God, I fly;
In mercy deign to spare:
O calm the terrors of my soul,
O keep me from despair!

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PSALM 89. C.M.

THE heav'ns do show with joy and mirth
Thy wondrous works, O Lord:
Thy saints within thy Church on earth
Thy faith and truth record.

2 In righteousness and equity
Thou hast thy seat and place:
Mercy and truth are still with Thee,
And go before thy face.

3 All blest are they who know aright
Thy present pow'r, O God;
For in the favour of thy sight,
They walk full safe abroad.

4 For in thy name, throughout the day,
They joy and much rejoice;
And through thy righteousness have they
A pleasant fame and noise.

5 For why? their glory, strength, and aid,
In Thee alone doth lie:
Thy goodness, too, which hath us staid,
Shall lift our horn on high.

PSALM 90. C.M.

O LORD, the Saviour and Defence
Of us thy chosen race,
From age to age Thou still hast been
Our sure abiding place.

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2 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made;
And when Thou speak'st the word "Return,"
'Tis instantly obey'd.

3 For in thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that's past;
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whose hours unminded waste.

4 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum
Of our short days to mind,
That to true wisdom all our hearts
May ever be inclin'd.

5 To satisfy and cheer our souls
Thy early mercy send;
That we may all our days to come
In joy and comfort spend.

6 Let thy bright rays upon us shine:
Give Thou our work success:
The glorious work we have in hand
Do Thou vouchsafe to bless.

PSALM 91. C.M.

THERE is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserv'd for all the heirs of grace:
Oh be that refuge mine!

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2 The least and feeblest there may bide
Uninjur'd and unaw'd;
While thousands fall on ev'ry side,
He rests secure in God.

3 The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.

4 He feeds in pastures large and fair,
Of love and truth divine;
O, child of God, O, Glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!

5 A hand Almighty to defend,
An ear for ev'ry call,
An honoured life, a peaceful end,
And heav'n to crown it all!

PSALM 92. C.M.

HOW good and pleasant must it be
To thank the Lord most high;
And with repeated hymns of praise
His name to magnify!

2 With every morning's early dawn,
His goodness to relate;
And of his constant truth each night
The glad effects repeat!

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3 For thro' thy wondrous works, O Lord,
Thou mak'st my heart rejoice;
The thought of them shall make me glad,
And shout with cheerful voice.

4 Thus will the Lord his justice show;
And God, my strong defence,
Shall due rewards to all the world
Impartially dispense.

PSALM 93. L.M.

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And still the fabric vast sustains.

2 How sure establish'd is thy throne!
Which shall no change or period see;
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

3 The swelling floods tumultuous rise,
Aloud the angry tempests roar,
Lift their proud billows to the skies,
And foam and lash the trembling shore.

4 The Lord, the mighty God on high,
Controls the fiercely raging seas;
He speaks!—and noise and tempests fly,
The waves sink down in gentle peace.

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5 Thy sov'reign laws are ever sure,
Eternal holiness is thine;
And Lord, thy people should be pure,
And in thy best resemblance shine.

PSALM 94. C.M.

BLESS'D is the man whom Thou, O Lord,
In kindness dost chastise,
And by thy sacred rules to walk
Dost lovingly advise.

2 This man shall rest and safety find
In seasons of distress,
Whilst God prepares a pit for those
That stubbornly transgress.

3 For God will never from his saints
His favour wholly take;
His own possession and his lot
He will not quite forsake.

4 The world shall then confess Thee just
In all that Thou hast done;
And those that choose thy upright ways
Shall in those paths go on.

PSALM 95. L.M.

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King!
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

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2 Before his presence let us haste,
To thank Him for his favours past;
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

3 For God the Lord enthron'd in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great;
A King superior far to all,
Whom by his title God we call.

4 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees, devoutly all,
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

PSALM 96. C.M.

SING ye with praise unto the Lord
New songs with joy and mirth,
Sing unto Him with one accord,
All people on the earth.

2 Yea, sing unto the Lord alway,
Praise ye his holy name;
Declare and show, from day to day,
Salvation by the same.

3 Among the heathen all declare
His honour round about;
To show his wonders do not spare
In all the world throughout.

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4 For why? the Lord is great in might,
And worthy of all praise,
And He is to be fear'd of right
Above all gods always.

PSALM 97. L.M.

JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth
In his just government rejoice;
Let all the isles, with sacred mirth,
In his applause unite their voice.

2 You, who to serve this Lord aspire,
Abhor what's ill, and truth esteem;
He'll keep his servants' souls entire,
And them from wicked hands redeem.

3 For seeds are sown of glorious light,—
A future harvest for the just;
And gladness for the heart that's right,
To recompense its pious trust.

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord:
Memorials of his holiness
Deep in your faithful breasts record,
And with your thankful tongues confess.

PSALM 98. C.M.

SING to the Lord a new-made song,
Who wondrous things has done;
With his right hand and holy arm
The conquest He has won.

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2 The Lord has thro' th' astonish'd world,
Display'd his saving might,
And made his righteous acts appear
In all the heathens' sight.

3 Of Israel's house his love and truth
Have ever mindful been;
Wide earth's remotest parts the pow'r
Of Israel's God have seen.

4 Let therefore earth's inhabitants
Their cheerful voices raise,
And all with universal joy
Resound their Maker's praise.

PSALM 99. S.M.

THE God Jehovah reigns!
Let all the nations fear:
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 The Saviour Jesus reigns!
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In Sion is his throne,
His honours are divine;
His Church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

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4 How holy is his name;
How heav'nly is his praise:
Justice and truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

PSALM 100. L.M.

OLD VERSION.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make;
We are his flock, He doth us feed,
And for his sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter, then, his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

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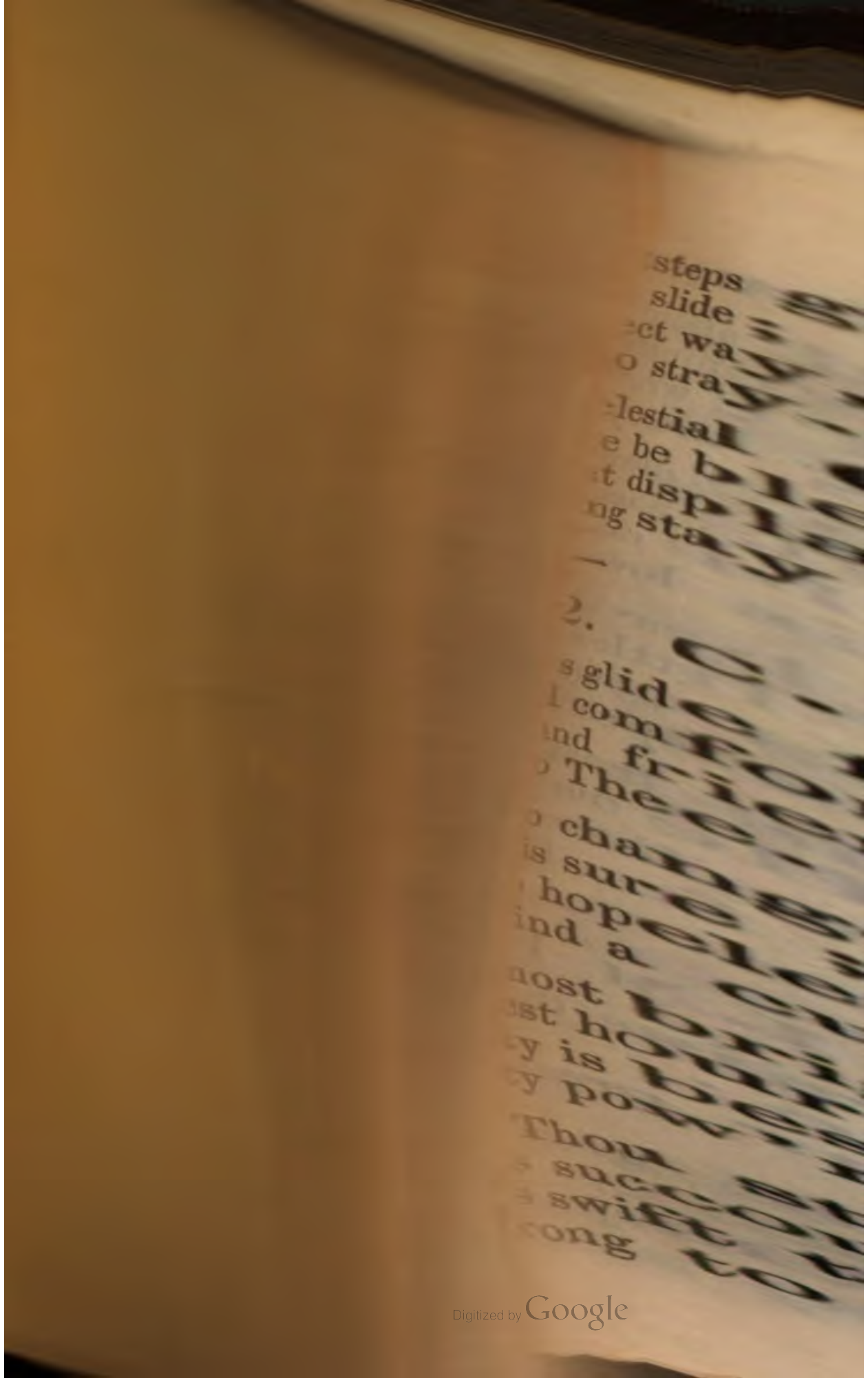

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PSALM 100. L.M.

NEW VERSION.

WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise.

2 Convinc'd that He is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom He chooses for his own,
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

3 O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

4 For He's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

PSALM 101. P.M.

MERCY, judgment, now my tongue
Makes the subject of my song:
Lord, to whom, then, shall I sing,
But to Thee, th' eternal King?

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2 Thou shalt all my footsteps guide,
Nor permit my feet to slide;
Nor from thy all-perfect way,
Lost in paths of sin, to stray.

3 Come! Oh, come! celestial Guest!
Let my roof with Thee be bless'd:
Here thy glorious light display,
And within my dwelling stay!

PSALM 102. C.M.

WHEN earthly joys glide fast away,
When hopes and comforts flee,
When foes oppress, and friends betray,
I turn, my God, to Thee.

2 Thy nature, Lord, no change can know,
Thy promise still is sure;
And ills can ne'er so hopeless grow,
But Thou can'st find a cure.

3 Deliv'rance comes most bright and blest,
At danger's darkest hour;
And man's extremity is best,
To prove almighty pow'r.

4 High as Thou art, Thou still art near
When suppliants succour crave:
And as thine ear is swift to hear,
Thine arm is strong to save.

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PSALM 103. L.M.

THE Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace;
His waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
His willing mercy flows apace.

2 God will not always harshly chide,
But with his anger quickly part;
And loves his chastisements to guide
More by his love than our desert.

3 As high as heav'n its arch extends
Above this little spot of clay,
So much his boundless love transcends
The small respects that we can pay.

4 As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far has He our sins remov'd,
Who, with a father's tender breast,
Has such as fear Him always lov'd.

PSALM 104. P.M.

MY soul praise the Lord, speak good of his name:
O Lord our great God, how dost Thou appear!
So passing in glory, that great is thy fame:
Honour and majesty in Thee shine most clear.

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2 The praise of the Lord for ever shall last,
Who may in his works by right well rejoice:
His look can the earth make to tremble full fast,
And likewise the mountains to smoke at his voice.

3 To this Lord and God will I sing always;
So long as I live, my God praise will I;
Then am I most certain my words shall Him please:
I will rejoice in Him; to Him will I cry.

4 The sinners, O Lord, consume in thine ire,
Also the perverse, them root out with shame:
But, as for my soul, now let it desire,
And say, with the faithful, "Praise ye the Lord's name!"

PSALM 105. C.M.

O RENDER thanks and bless the Lord,
Invoke his sacred name;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.

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2 Sing to his praise in lofty hymns,
His wond'rous works rehearse!
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.

3 Rejoice in his almighty name,
Alone to be ador'd;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy
That humbly seek the Lord.

4 Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength
Devoutly still implore;
And where He's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.

PSALM 106. L.M.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express?
Not only vast but numberless!
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 How happy they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray;
Who know what's right—nor only so,
But always practise what they know.

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4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Which Thou thy chosen dost afford:
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

5 Oh! may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity;
That I the joyful choir may join
And count thy people's triumph mine.

PSALM 107. L.M.

O PRAISE the Lord, the God of grace,
The Saviour of our fallen race;
Who saw us in the desert roam,
And sought, and bore us safely home.

2 He found us hungry, and He fed
Our fainting souls with living bread,
The milk, the manna, of his word;—
Oh that all hearts would praise the Lord!

3 The Lord, the lonely captive cheers;
The Lord dries up the mourners's tears:
Binds ev'ry wound, bursts ev'ry chain,
And helps, when other help is vain!

4 There lives no grief He cannot heal;
No curse his grace may not repeal:
The feeblest pray'r by Him is heard;
Oh that all hearts would praise the I

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PSALM 108. C.M.

O GOD, my heart is fully bent
To magnify thy name;
My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise,
Shall celebrate thy fame.

2 To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell;
And to those nations sing thy praise
That round about us dwell:

3 Because thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heav'n transcends,
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

4 Be Thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious name.

PSALM 109. C.M.

O GOD, whose former mercies make
My constant praise thy due,
Hold not thy peace, but my sad state
With wonted favour view.

2 But for thy glorious name, O God,
Do Thou deliver me;
And for thy gracious mercy's sake
Preserve and set me free.

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3 Then I to God, in grateful thanks,
My cheerful voice will raise;
And where the great assembly meets,
Set forth his noble praise.

4 For Him the poor shall always find
Their sure and constant friend;
And He shall from unrighteous dooms
Their guiltless souls defend.

PSALM 110. P.M.

THE Lord unto my Lord thus spake,
"Till I thy foes thy footstool make,
"Sit Thou in state at my right hand;
"Supreme in Sion Thou shalt be,
"And all thy proud opposers see
"Subjected to thy just command.

2 "Thee, in thy pow'r's triumphant day,
"The willing nations shall obey:
"And, when thy rising beams they view,
"Shall all (redeem'd from error's night)
"Appear as numberless and bright
"As crystal drops of morning dew.

3 "The Lord hath sworn, nor sworn in vain,
"That, like Melchisedech's, thy reign
"And priesthood shall no period know;
"No proud competitor to sit
"At thy right hand will He permit,
"But in his wrath thy foes o'erthrow"

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PSALM 111. L.M.

PRAISE ye the Lord; our God to praise
My soul her utmost pow'rs shall raise,
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.

2 His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim;
His truth, confirm'd through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.

3 By precept He hath us enjoin'd
To keep his wondrous works in mind;
And to posterity record
That good and gracious is our Lord.

4 Who wisdom's sacred prize would win,
Must with the fear of God begin;
Immortal praise and heav'nly skill
Have they who know and do his will.

PSALM 112. L.M.

THE soul that's fill'd with heav'nly light
Shines brightest in affliction's night:
To pity the distress'd inclin'd,
As well as just to all mankind.

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2 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground;
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

3 Ill tidings never can surprise
His heart, that fix'd on God relies:
On safety's rock he sits, and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies.

PSALM 113. P.M.

YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record:
His sacred name for ever bless:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.

2 God through the world extends his sway;
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are.
With Him, whose majesty excels,
Who made the heav'n in which He dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.

3 Though 'tis beneath his state to view
In highest heav'n what angels do,
Yet He to earth vouchsafes his care:
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

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PSALM 114. L.M.

WHEN Israel, by th' Almighty led,
(Enrich'd with their oppressors' spoil,)
From Egypt march'd, and Jacob's seed
From bondage in a foreign soil;

2 The distant sea with terror saw,
And from th' Almighty's presence fled;
Old Jordan's streams, surpris'd with awe,
Retreated to their fountain's head.

3 Earth tremble on; well may'st thou fear
Thy Lord and Maker's face to see;
When Jacob's awful God draws near,
'Tis time for earth and seas to flee.

PSALM 115. L.M.

NOT unto us, Almighty Lord,
But to Thyself the glory be!
Created by thy awful word,
We only live to honour Thee.

2 Where is their God? the heathen cry,
And bow to senseless wood and stone:
Our God, we tell them, fills the sky,
And calls ten thousand worlds his own.

3 Vain gods! vain men! the Lord alone
Is Israel's worship, Israel's friend.
O fear his pow'r! his goodness own!
And love Him, trust Him to the end.

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4 Who lean on Him, from strength to strength,
From light to light, shall onward move;
Till through the grave they pass at length
To sing on high his saving love!

PSALM 116. C.M.

HOW just and merciful is God!
How gracious is the Lord!
Who saves the harmless, and to me
Does timely help afford.

2 Then, free from pensive cares, my soul
Resume thy wonted rest;
For God has wondrously to thee
His bounteous love exprest.

3 To Thee I'll off'rings bring of praise;
And, whilst I bless thy name,
The just performance of my vows
To all thy saints proclaim.

4 They in Jerusalem shall meet,
And in thy house shall join,
To bless thy name with one consent,
And mix their songs with mine.

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PSALM 117. C.M.

WITH cheerful notes let all the earth
To heav'n their voices raise;
Let all, inspir'd with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

2 God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth shall ne'er decay:
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

PSALM 117. C.M.

VERSION II.

O PRAISE the Lord; ye nations, pour
Your praises at his shrine:
Around the world, from shore to shore,
Roll on the strain divine.

2 Let all that live his honours bring;
They live through Him alone:
Let ev'ry breeze upon its wing
Waft homage to his throne.

3 Ye angels that behold his face,
His love to earth proclaim;
Ye earthly children of his grace,
Resound it back to them.

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4 How rich his mercy, how divine!
His truth how deep and broad!
From age to age the same they shine:
Let all adore our God!

PSALM 118. C.M.

THAT which the builders once refus'd
Is now the corner stone:
This is the wondrous work of God,
The work of God alone.

2 This day is God's; let all the land
Exalt their cheerful voice:
Lord, we beseech Thee, save us now,
And make us still rejoice.

3 Him that approaches in God's name
Let all th' assembly bless:
We, that belong to God's own house,
Have wish'd you good success.

4 Thou art my Lord, O God, and still
I'll praise thy holy name;
Because Thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy fame.

5 O then with me give thanks to God,
Who still does gracious prove;
And let the tribute of our praise
Be endless as his love.

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PSALM 119. C.M.

MY hiding place, my refuge tow'r,
My shield, art Thou, O Lord!
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy sustaining word.

2 Secure, substantial peace have they,
Who truly love thy law;
No smiling mischief them shall tempt,
No frowning danger awe.

3 Eternal and unerring rules
Thy testimonies give:
Teach me the wisdom that will make
My soul for ever live.

4 According to thy gracious word,
From danger set me free;
Nor make me of those hopes asham'd
That I repose on Thee.

PART II.

1 HOW shall the young preserve their ways
From all pollution free?
By making still their course of life
With thy commands agree.

2 With hearty zeal for Thee I seek,
To Thee for succour pray;
O suffer not my careless steps
From thy right paths to stray

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3 Safe in my heart and closely hid,
Thy word, my treasure, lies;
To succour me with timely aid
When sinful thoughts arise.

4 To keep thy statutes undefac'd
Shall be my constant joy;
The strict remembrance of thy word
Shall all my thoughts employ.

PART III.

1 INSTRUCT me in thy statutes, Lord,
Thy righteous paths display;
And I from them through all my life
Will never go astray.

2 If Thou true wisdom from above
Wilt graciously impart,
To keep thy perfect laws I will
Devote my zealous heart.

3 Direct me in the sacred ways
To which thy precepts lead;
Because my chief delight has been
Thy righteous paths to tread.

4 Do Thou to thy most just commands
Incline my willing heart;
Let no desire of worldly wealth
From Thee my thoughts divert.

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5 From those vain objects turn my eyes,
Which this false world displays;
But give me lively pow'r and strength
To keep thy righteous ways.

PART IV.

1 WITH me, thy servant, Thou hast dealt
Most graciously, O Lord;
Repeated benefits bestow'd,
According to thy word.

2 Teach me the sacred skill, by which
Right judgment is attain'd,
Who in belief of thy commands
Have steadfastly remain'd.

3 Before affliction stopp'd my course,
My footsteps went astray;
But I have since been disciplin'd
Thy precepts to obey.

4 'Tis good for me that I have felt
Affliction's chast'ning rod,
That I might duly learn and keep
The statutes of my God.

5 The law that from thy mouth proceeds
Of more esteem I hold [mines
Than untouch'd mines,—than thousand
Of silver and of gold.

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PSALM 120. C.M.

ON God I've call'd in trouble's hour,
And never call'd in vain:
Again afflictions round me low'r;
Lord, hear and help again.

2 A stranger's lot, a pilgrim's fare,
Is all I meet below;
In ev'ry sweet I find a snare,
In ev'ry smile a foe.

3 Ah, woe is me, that I must roam
So long this land of tears:
When shall my spirit reach her home,
Above all foes and fears?

4 There is a peace that none can break,
A joy that ne'er shall flee;
When shall I lay me down to wake
To these, O Lord, and Thee?

PSALM 121. C.M.

TO Zion's hill, I lift my eyes,
From thence expecting aid;
From Zion's hill and Zion's God,
Who heav'n and earth has made.

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2 Rest, then, my soul, in safety rest!
Thy guardian will not sleep;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
Will Israel watch and keep.

3 Encompass'd by Almighty wings,
Thou shalt securely rest;
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night molest.

4 At home, abroad, in peace and war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,
And crown thy journey's end.

PSALM 122. C.M.

OH 'twas a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
"Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
"And keep your festal day!"

2 At Salem's courts we must appear
With our assembled pow'rs,
In strong and beauteous order rang'd,
Like her united tow'rs.

3 O pray we, then, for Salem's peace,
For they shall prosp'rous be,
(Thou holy city of our God!)
Who bear true love to thee.

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4 But most of all I'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

PSALM 123. C.M.

O LORD, who dost the heav'n possess,
I lift my eyes to Thee;
E'en as the servant lifteth his,
His master's hands to see:

2 As handmaids watch their mistresses,
Some favour to achieve,
So we behold the Lord our God,
Till He doth us forgive.

PSALM 124. S.M.

THE Lord is on our side,
We need not feel alarm;
With Him to guard, with Him to guide,
What enemy can harm?

2 Before, when like a flood,
Our foes upon us rose,
The Lord has o'er the tempest stood,
And aw'd it to repose.

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3 The Lord maintains our cause:
His interposing care
Has snatch'd us from the lion's jaws,
And burst the fowler's snare.

4 Though poor and helpless we,
The Almighty can defend;
The world is his, and He, yea He,
Will help us to the end.

PSALM 125. C.M.

WHO place on Sion's God their trust,
Like Sion's rock shall stand;
Like her, immoveably be fix'd
By his Almighty hand.

2 Look how the hills on ev'ry side
Jerusalem enclose!
So stands the Lord around his saints
To guard them from their foes.

3 The wicked may afflict the just,
But ne'er too long oppress;
Nor force him by despair to seek
Base means for his redress.

4 All those who walk in crooked paths
The Lord shall soon destroy;
Cut off th' unjust, but crown the saints
With lasting peace and joy.

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PSALM 126. C.M.

DO Thou bring back the remnant, Lord,
Of Israel's captive bands,
More welcome than refreshing show'rs
To parch'd and thirsty lands.

2 That we, whose work commenc'd in tears,
May see our labours thrive,
Till finish'd with success, to make
Our drooping hearts revive.

3 Though he despond that sows his grain,
Yet doubtless he shall come
To bind his full-ear'd sheaves, and bring
The joyful harvest home.

PSALM 127. C.M.

WE build with fruitless cost, unless
The Lord the pile sustain;
Unless the Lord the city keep
The watchman wakes in vain.

2 In vain we rise before the day,
And late to rest repair,
Allow no respite to our toil,
And eat the bread of care.

3 Supplies of life, with ease to them,
He on his saints bestows;
He crowns their labour with success,
Their nights with sound repose.

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4 Children, those comforts of our life,
Are presents from the Lord;
He gives a num'rous race of heirs,
As piety's reward.

PSALM 128. C.M.

THE man is blest who fears the Lord,
Nor only worship pays,
But keeps his steps confin'd with care
To his appointed ways.

2 He shall upon the sweet returns
Of his own labour feed;
Without dependence live, and see
His wishes all succeed.

3 Who fears the Lord shall prosper thus;
Him Sion's God shall bless,
And grant him all his days to see
Jerusalem's success.

PSALM 129. C.M.

OFT from my youth, may Israel say,
Have I been sore assail'd;
Oft have the wicked vex'd my soul,
But never yet prevail'd.

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2 The ploughers ploughed upon my back,
And made long furrows there:
But, strong to save, the righteous Lord
Hath broke the deadly snare.

3 Confusion and defeat repay
The hate of Sion's foes:
Like grass, that on the housetop springs
But withers as it grows;—

4 So shall their evil purpose end
In fruitless toil and shame;
Nor any wish their hopes success,
Nor bless them in God's name.

PSALM 130. S.M.

MY soul with patience waits
For Thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.

2 My longing eyes look out
For thy enliv'ning ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.

3 Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds his mercy knows
The plenteous source and spring from whence
Eternal succour flows.

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4 Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
And wash our guilt away.

PSALM 131. C.M.

O LORD, I am not proud of heart,
Nor cast a scornful eye;
Nor my aspiring thoughts employ
In things for me too high.

2 Like me let Isr'el hope in God,
His aid alone implore:
Both now and ever trust in Him,
Who lives for evermore.

PSALM 132. C.M.

ARISE, O Lord, and now possess
Thy constant place of rest;
Be that, not only with thy ark,
But with thy presence blest.

2 Clothe Thou thy priests with righteousness,
Make Thou thy saints rejoice;
And, for thy servant David's sake,
Hear thy anointed's voice.

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3 For Sion does in God's esteem
All other seats excel;
His place of everlasting rest,
Where He desires to dwell.

4 Her store, says He, I will increase,
Her poor with plenty bless;
Her saints shall shout for joy, her priests
My saving health confess.

PSALM 133. P.M.

HOW bless'd the sight, the joy how sweet,
When brothers join'd with brothers meet
In bands of mutual love!
Less sweet the liquid fragrance, shed
On Aaron's consecrated head,
Ran trickling from above;

2 And reach'd his beard, and reach'd his vest:
Less sweet the dews on Hermon's breast,
Or Sion's hill descend:
That hill has God with blessings crown'd;
There promis'd grace that knows no bound,
And life that knows no end.

PSALM 134. C.M.

BLESS God, ye servants that attend
Upon his solemn state,
That in his temple, night by night,
With humble rev'rence wait.

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2 Within his house lift up your hands,
And bless his holy name;
From Sion bless thy Isr'el, Lord,
Who earth and heav'n didst frame.

PSALM 135. C.M.

O PRAISE the Lord with one consent,
And magnify his name;
Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.

2 Praise Him all ye that in his house
Attend with constant care;
With those that to his outmost courts
With humble zeal repair.

3 For this our truest interest is,
Glad hymns of praise to sing;
And with loud songs to bless his name,
A most delightful thing.

4 For God his own peculiar choice
The sons of Jacob makes;
And Israel's offspring for his own
Most valued treasure takes.

PSALM 136. P.M.

LET us with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

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2 He, with all-commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 All things living He doth feed:
His full hand supplies their need:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He his chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 He hath with a piteous eye
Look'd upon our misery:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

PSALM 137. L.M.

BY Babel's waters, dark and wide,
A lonely band we sat, and sigh'd:
Our harps upon the willows slept;
We thought of Zion—thought, and w

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2 Our foes the while, with taunting tongues,
Cried sing us one of Zion's songs!
Yea, they that held us captive there
Demanded mirth from our despair.

3 Where should we find a heart to sing
On hostile ground to God our King?
How should our souls forgetful be,
O Zion, of our home and thee?

4 No! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue in death be mute and still,
When thou shalt cease my joy to be,
When ought beside I match with thee!

5 Soon, Lord, the blessed season bring,
When Zion from the dust shall spring;
Her captive children burst their chain,
And find their long-lost home again.

PSALM 138. C.M.

WITH my whole heart, my God and King,
Thy praise I will proclaim;
Before the gods with joy I'll sing,
And bless thy holy name.

2 I'll worship at thy sacred seat,
And, with thy love inspir'd,
The praises of thy truth repeat,
O'er all thy works admir'd.

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3 Thou graciously inclin'dst thine ear
When I to Thee did cry;
And, when my soul was press'd with fear,
Didst inward strength supply.

4 The Lord, whose mercies ever last,
Shall fix my happy state;
And, mindful of his favours past,
Shall his own work complete.

PSALM 139. L.M.

THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to Thee,
Known long before conceived by me.

2 Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand,
On ev'ry side I find thy hand:
Oh skill, for human reach too high,
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

3 If I the morning's wings could gain,
And fly beyond the western main;
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

4 Or, should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the sable wings of night;
One glance from Thee, one piercing ray
Would kindle darkness into day.

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5 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If mischief lurks in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

PSALM 140. L.M.

THOU art my God! To Thee on high,
Thus prostrate at thy throne I lie:
Oh, let my pray'r by Thee be heard,
From undissembling lips preferr'd.

2 My soul hath known Thee, Lord, prepar'd
The helpless and the poor to guard;
To save them from oppression's jaws,
And vindicate their injur'd cause.

3 The righteous souls that love thy ways,
To Thee the thankful voice shall raise;
And, studious of thy just command,
Within thy sight accepted stand.

PSALM 141. C.M.

TO Thee, O Lord, my cries ascend,
O haste to my relief;
And with accustom'd pity hear
The accents of my grief.

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2 Instead of off'rings, let my prayer,
Like morning incense rise;
My lifted hands supply the place
Of ev'ning sacrifice.

3 Let upright men reprove my faults,
And I shall think them kind;
Like balm that heals a wounded head,
I their reproof shall find.

4 But, Lord, to Thee I still direct
My supplicating eyes;
O leave not destitute my soul,
Whose trust on Thee relies!

PSALM 142. C.M.

LORD, hear our pray'r, in mercy hear;
That mercy is our trust:
Who at thy bar could dare appear,
If Thou wert sternly just?

2 But Christ has borne his people's sin,
And won them from the grave;
And from all foes around, within,
We fly to Him to save.

3 Our sinking souls revive to trace
Thy love in other days;
We fall before thy throne of grace,
And pray'r turns there to praise.

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but empty are and vain ;
like a flying shade,
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his protection crown'd !

LM 145. C.M.

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daily I will bring,
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th joy proclaim ;
all our grateful songs
e constant theme.

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till supplies ;
oves with slowest pace,
g mercy flies.

ough earth extends its fame,
works express'd :
thy praise, whilst thy great
servants bless'd.

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4 O let that love still round us shine!
Recal us when we roam!
Strike down our enemies and thine,
And lead us safely home.

PSALM 143. C.M.

LORD, hear my pray'r, and to my cry
Thy wonted audience lend;
In thy accustom'd faith and truth,
A gracious answer send.

2 Nor at thy strict tribunal bring
Thy servant to be tried;
For in thy sight no living man
Can e'er be justified.

3 Thy kindness early let me hear,
Whose trust on Thee depends;
Teach me the way where I should go;
My soul to Thee ascends.

4 Thou art my God, thy righteous will
Instruct me to obey;
Let thy good Spirit lead and keep
My soul in thy right way.

PSALM 144. L.M.

LORD, what's in man, that Thou should'st love
Of him such tender care to take?
What in his offspring could Thee move,
Such great account of him to make?

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2 The life of man does quickly fade,
His thoughts but empty are and vain;
His days are like a flying shade,
Of whose short stay no signs remain.

3 Thrice happy is that people's case,
Whom love and mercy e'er surround;
Who God's true worship still embrace,
And are with his protection crown'd!

PSALM 145. C.M.

THEE I'll extol, my God and King,
Thy endless praise proclaim;
This tribute daily I will bring,
And ever bless thy name.

2 The praise that to thy love belongs
We will with joy proclaim;
Thy truth of all our grateful songs
Shall be the constant theme.

3 The Lord is good: fresh acts of grace
His pity still supplies;
His anger moves with slowest pace,
His willing mercy flies.

4 Thy love through earth extends its fame,
To all thy works express'd:
These show thy praise, whilst thy great name
Is by thy servants bless'd.

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5 They, with the glorious prospect fir'd,
Shall of thy kingdom speak;
And thy great pow'r, by all admir'd,
Their lofty subject make.

PSALM 146. C.M.

O PRAISE the Lord, and thou, my soul,
For ever bless his name:
His wondrous love, while life shall last,
My constant praise shall claim.

2 On kings, the greatest sons of men,
Let none for aid rely;
They cannot save in dang'rous times,
Nor timely help apply.

3 Then happy he, who Jacob's God
For his protector takes;
Who still, with well-plac'd hope, the Lord
His constant refuge makes.

4 The God that does in Sion dwell
Is our eternal King:
From age to age his reign endures;
Let all his praises sing.

PSALM 147. C.M.

O PRAISE the Lord with hymns of joy,
And celebrate his fame;
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis
To praise his holy name.

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2 He kindly heals the broken hearts,
And all their wounds doth close;
He tells the number of the stars,
Their sev'ral names He knows.

3 Great is the Lord, and great his pow'r,
His wisdom has no bound;
The meek He raises, but throws down
The wicked to the ground.

4 And He, to him that fears his name
His tender love extends;
To him that on his boundless grace
With steadfast hope depends.

PSALM 148. P.M.

YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame,
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame:
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim
And seraphim,
To sing his praise.

2 Let all of royal birth,
With those of humbler frame,
And judges of the earth,
His matchless praise proclaim.

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In this design
Let youths with maids,
And hoary heads
With children join.

3 United zeal be shown,
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends
His power obey;
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.

4 His chosen saints to grace
He sets them up on high;
And favours Israel's race,
Who still to Him are nigh.
O therefore raise
Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise!

PSALM 149. P.M.

O PRAISE ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great assembly to sing;
In our great Creator let Israel rejoice,
And children of Sion be glad in their King.

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2 Let them his great name extol in the dance,
With timbrel and harp his praises express;
Who always takes pleasure his saints to advance,
And with his salvation the humble to bless.

3 With glory adorn'd, his people shall sing
To God, who their beds with safety does shield;
Their mouths fill'd with praises of Him their great King;
Whilst a two-edged sword their right hand shall wield.

4 By angels in heav'n of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth, all praise be addrest
To God in Three Persons, one God ever blest;
As it has been, now is, and always shall be.

PSALM 150. L.M.

O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place,
From whence his goodness largely flows:
Praise Him in heav'n, where He his face
Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.

2 Praise Him for all the mighty acts
Which He in our behalf has done:
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal ru-

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3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound:
Praise Him with harp's melodious noise,
And gentle psaltry's silver sound.

4 Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath He does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ:
Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

END OF THE PSALMS.

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HYMNS.

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EXTRACT

FROM QUEEN ELIZABETH'S INJUNCTIONS TO THE CLERGY, A.D. 1599.

"For the comforting of such as delight in Music, it may be permitted, that in the beginning or in the end of Common Prayer, either at Morning or Evening, there may be sung a Hymn, or such like Song, to the praise of Almighty God, in the best Melody and Music that may be conveniently devised, having respect that the sense of the Hymn may be understood and perceived."

See Sparrow's "Collection of Articles and Canons," page 80, 4to. edition, 1684.

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HYMNS.

HYMN 1. L.M.

A BLEST conversion, and a strange,
Was that when Saul a Paul became;
And, Lord, for making such a change,
We praise and glorify thy name.

2 For whilst he went from place to place,
To persecute thy truth and Thee,
And running to perdition was,
By powerful grace call'd back was he.

3 When from thy truth we go astray,
Or wrong it through our blinded zeal,
O come and stop us in the way,
And then thy truth to us reveal.

4 And as thy blessed servant Paul,
When he a convert once became,
Exceeded thy apostles all
In painful preaching of thy name:

5 So grant that those who have in sin
Exceeded others heretofore,
The start of them in faith may win,
Love, serve, and honour Thee the m

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HYMN 2. C.M.

A CITY now we have obtain'd,
Where strong defences are;
And God salvation hath ordain'd
For walls and bulwarks there.

2 The gates thereof wide open ye
That such as justly do;
And those that truth's observers be
May enter thereinto.

3 There Thou in peace wilt keep them sure
Whose thoughts well grounded be;
In peace that ever shall endure,
Because they trusted Thee.

4 For ever, therefore, on the Lord,
Without distrust depend:
For in the Lord, the eternal Lord,
Is strength that hath no end.

HYMN 3. P.M.

ABBA, Father, while we sing,
Let thy Spirit comfort bring;
Taught to cast our care on Thee,
Daily mercies let us see;
Still enrich us with thy grace;
Give us with thy sons a place.

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2 By thy Spirit they are led;
Nourish'd with celestial bread;
Strengthen'd through their mortal strife;
Kept to everlasting life:
Peace and hope to them are giv'n;
Time and glory, earth and heav'n.

3 What, though trials wait us here,
Christ endur'd what we must bear:
If his grace our strength sustain,
Welcome, sorrow, shame, and pain:
Peace shall flow from ev'ry loss;
Endless glory from the cross.

HYMN 4. P.M.

ACQUAINT thee, O mortal, acquaint thee with God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road;
And peace, like a dew-drop, shall fall on thy head,
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy [bed.

2 Acquaint thee, O mortal, acquaint thee with God,
And He shall be with thee when fears are abroad;
Thy safe-guard in dangers that threaten thy path,
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death

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HYMN 5. C.M.

AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair;
Again with joyful feet we come
To meet Thee, Saviour, there.

2 Great Shepherd of thy people, hear!
Thy presence now display;
We stand within thy house of pray'r;
O, give us hearts to pray.

3 The clouds which veil Thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love.

4 Help us, with holy fear and joy,
To kneel before thy face;
And may the children of thy pow'r
Be children of thy grace!

HYMN 6. C.M.

ALL hail the great Emmanuel's name!
Ye angels, prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

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3 Ye saints, redeem'd of Adam's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by his grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Ye realms of ev'ry tongue and name,
Ye nations great and small,
Your mighty Saviour's praise proclaim,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Oh! that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

HYMN 7. C.M.

ALMIGHTY Father, God of grace!
We all, like sheep astray,
In folly from thy paths have turn'd,
Each to his sinful way.

2 Sins of omission, and of act,
Through all our lives abound:
Alas! in thought, in word, in deed,
No health in us is found.

3 O spare us, Lord, in mercy spare!
Our contrite souls restore,
Through Him who suffer'd on the cross,
And man's transgression bore.

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4 And grant, O Father, for his sake,
That we through all our days,
A just and godly life may lead
To thine eternal praise!

HYMN 8. C.M.

ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind Guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

2 While sweet reflection, through my days,
Thy bounteous hand would trace,
Still dearer blessings claim my praise,
The blessings of thy grace.

3 Yes, I adore Thee, gracious Lord,
For favours more divine;
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.

4 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And ev'ry weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

5 Then shall my joyful powers unite
In more exalted lays;
And join the happy sons of light
In everlasting praise!

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HYMN 9. C.M.

ALMIGHTY God, Eternal Lord,
Thy gracious pow'r make known;
Touch, by the virtue of thy word,
And melt the heart of stone.

2 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise;
And let his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

3 May we receive the word we hear
Each in an honest heart;
Lay up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part!

4 Lord, let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

HYMN 10. C.M.

ALMIGHY God, thy wondrous works
Of providence and grace,
An angel's perfect mind exceed,
And all our pride abase.

2 Stupendous heights, amazing depths,
Creatures in vain explore;
Or if a transient glimpse we gain,
'Tis faint, and quickly o'er.

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3 Though all the mysteries lie conceal'd
Beyond what we can see,
Grant us the knowledge of ourselves,
The knowledge, Lord, of Thee.

HYMN 11. C.M.

ALMIGHTY Lord, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend;
'Tis on thy pard'ning grace alone
Our prostrate hopes depend.

2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,
Thy dreadful pow'r display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
Convert us by thy grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

4 Then, should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear,
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God, be near.

HYMN 12. S.M.

AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
'd not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

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2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heav'n, before his face,
Astonish'd shrink away?

3 But, ere the trumpet shake
The mansions of the dead;
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread.

4 Ye sinners seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there!

HYMN 13. C.M.

ANGEL of God, whate'er betide,
Thy summons I obey;
Jesus, I take Thee for my guide,
And walk in Thee my way.

2 Secure from danger and from dread,
Nor earth nor hell shall move,
Since over me thine hand hath spread
The banner of thy love.

3 To leave my Captain I disdain,
Behind I will not stay,
Though shame, and loss, and bonds, and pain,
And death obstruct the way.

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4 Me to thy suffering self conform,
And arm me with thy pow'r;
Then burst the cloud, descend the storm,
And come the fiery hour!

5 Then shall I bear thine utmost will,
When first the strength is given:
Come, foolish world, my body kill,
My soul shall rise to heav'n.

HYMN 14. C.M.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy seat,
Where Jesus answers pray'r;
Still humbly bow before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Saviour, thy word is all my plea;
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest wearied souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Laden with grief, and guilt, and pain,
By Satan's pow'r deprest;
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him "Thou hast died."

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5 Oh, wondrous love to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!

HYMN 15. L.M.

ARISE, O God, and let thy grace
Diffuse its beams on Jacob's race;
Restore the wand'ring scatter'd band,
And call them to their native land!

2 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The sad suspension of thy love?
For ever shall thine anger burn?
Return, O God of Hosts, return!

3 In pity all their errors heal,
Their trespass hide, their pardon seal;
Check in mid-course thy dreadful ire,
And bid its kindled flames expire!

4 Thy quick'ning Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart;
May Isr'el's ransom'd tribes in Thee
Their bliss and full salvation see!

HYMN 16. C.M.

ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes
To be thus own'd and bless'd.

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2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread:
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign;
Let God's anointed shine:
Justice and truth his courts maintain,
With love and pow'r divine.

5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne;
And, as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
Aud shame confound his foes.

HYMN 17. S.M.

ARISE, ye saints, arise!
The Lord our Leader is;
The foe before his banner flies,
For victory is his.

2 Lead on, Almighty Lord,
Lead on to victory!
Encourag'd by the bright reward,
With joy we'll follow Thee.

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3 We'll follow Thee, our Guide,
Our Saviour and our King;
We'll follow Thee, through grace supplied
From heav'n's eternal spring.

4 We hope to see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

5 This hope supports us here,
It makes our burdens light;
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight:

6 Till of the prize possest,
We hear of war no more;
And Oh, sweet thought, for ever rest
On yonder peaceful shore!

HYMN 18. L.M.

ARM of the Lord, awake! awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake;
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah—God alone."
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

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3 No longer let thy Sion roam:
Oh! bring the tribes of Isr'el home;
And let our wond'ring eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesu's fold!

4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim;
In ev'ry clime exalt thy name:
Let ev'ry foe before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all!

HYMN 19. S.M.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue;
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising pow'r;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing, till ye feel your hearts
Ascending with your tongues;
Sing, till the love of sin departs;
And grace inspires your songs.

4 Sing, on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners sing;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day
In Christ th' eternal King!

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5 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take his pilgrims home.

HYMN 20. C.M.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heav'nly prize demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour! introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

HYMN 21. C.M.

AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sov'reign love
Which shows salvation nigh!

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2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
And each revolving year!

3 Not many years their round shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal powers decay!
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

5 And when that day at length shall rise,
And all its bliss appear;
May I ascend beyond the skies,
And dwell for ever there.

HYMN 22. L.M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create and He destroy.

2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

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3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
Till rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN 23. C.M.

BEGIN, my tongue, the heav'nly theme;
Awake, my heart, and sing
The word, unchangeably the same,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his pow'r abroad;
Declare the promise of his grace,
And our performing God.

3 Engrav'd as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.

4 Yes! ev'ry word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies!
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

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HYMN 24. S.M.

BEHOLD the Lamb of God!
Who takes our sins away!
See and adore his heav'nly love,
And praise Him day by day.

2 Be ev'ry valley high,
Be ev'ry mountain low;
The proud must stoop, the humble soul
Shall his salvation know.

3 The heathen realms abroad
Shall join in sweet accord,
And all the sons of men shall see
The glory of the Lord.

4 Behold the Day-spring rise,
Ye that in darkness dwell!
He marks the path which leads to peace,
He bursts the gates of hell.

HYMN 25. C.M.

BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops, above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 The beam that shines from Zion's hill
Shall lighten ev'ry land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

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3 Among the nations He shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

4 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

5 No longer hosts encountering hosts
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

6 Come, then, O house of Jacob!
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

HYMN 26. S.M.

BEHOLD the Prince of life,
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-belov'd Son fulfils
The sure prophetic word.

2 Cloth'd with no pompous state,
He seeks no earthly throne;
By meekness, patience, truth, and love,
His dignity is shown.

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3 He comes, the light of men;
His doctrine life imparts;
O may we feel its quick'ning power,
To purify our hearts!

4 Cheer'd by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heav'nly way:
The path which Christ hath mark'd and trod,
Leads to eternal day.

5 Glory to God on high,
And heav'nly peace on earth!
Good-will to men!—which angels sang
At our Redeemer's birth.

HYMN 27. S.M.

BEHOLD the throne of grace,
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer pray'r.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withold?

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4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love:
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

5 If Thou these blessings give,
And wilt my portion be,
The world's poor toys I'll gladly leave
To them who know not Thee.

HYMN 28. C.M.

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning giv'n;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heav'n!

2 Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay;
And ere another day is gone,
Ourselves may be as they.

3 Death rides on ev'ry passing breeze,
He lurks in ev'ry flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril ev'ry hour!

4 Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

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5 Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely giv'n;
The bones that underneath thee lie
Shall live for hell or heav'n!

HYMN 29. P.M.

BEYOND the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to yon heav'nly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

2 The great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see:
The beatific sight
Shall fill heav'ns sounding courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

3 The Father shining on his throne,
The glorious co-eternal Son,
The Spirit, One and Seven,
Conspire our rapture to complete;
And lo! we fall before his feet,
And silence heightens heav'n.

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4 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
And at thy footstool fall;
Till Thou our hidden life reveal,
Till Thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
And God be all in all!

HYMN 30. P.M.

BEYOND the world a city stands,
A city this, not made with hands,
Where God the Saviour reigns:
'Tis built for sinners bought with blood,
Redeem'd and sanctified to God,
And cleans'd from all their stains.

2 How blest the people who abide
Within those walls, and there reside
For ever with their King!
Our lot, we hope, will be to share
Their joys, and join the thousands there,
The Saviour's praise to sing.

3 With such a prospect should we grieve,
When call'd our earthly house to leave,
And part with all below?
A nobler house is our's above,
From which we never shall remove;
From whence no friend will go!

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HYMN 31. C.M.

BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their faith shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalt their hope,
Nor Satan dare condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Isr'el, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

HYMN 32. C.M.

BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord!
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd!

2 When from the dead He rais'd his Son,
And call'd Him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

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3 To an inheritance divine,
He taught our hearts to rise;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
Unfading, in the skies.

4 Saints, by the pow'r of God, are kept
Till his salvation come:
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
But Christ shall call us home.

HYMN 33. L.M.

BLEST day! when o'er a world of woe
The stream of grace began to flow;
That presage of th' atoning flood—
Those first few drops of Jesu's blood.

2 How soon the infant Child of man,
His course of pain and grief began!
How early did those sorrows prove
His will to die, his pow'r to love.

3 From heav'n descending, to fulfil
The mandates of his Father's will;
E'en now behold the victim lie,
The Son of God, prepar'd to die.

4 Beneath the knife behold the Child,
The innocent, the undefil'd;
For captives He the ransom pays,
For lawless man the law obeys.

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5 Lord, circumcise our hearts, we pray;
Our fleshy natures purge away:
Thy name, thy likeness, may they bear;
Yea, stamp thy holy image there.

6 The Father's name we loudly raise,
The Son, the Virgin-born, we praise:
The Holy Ghost we all adore,
One God, both now and evermore.

HYMN 34. C.M.

BLEST Lamb of God, whose dying love
We now recall to mind,
O, hear us from thy throne above,
And let us mercy find!

2 By all thy agonizing pain,
Thy bloody sweat, we pray,
And by thy dying love to man,
Cleanse all our sins away!

3 Lord, let thy blood, by faith appli'd,
Our gracious pardon seal;
Pronounce us freely justifi'd,
And all our sorrows heal.

4 From sin's dominion set us free,
Our praying souls release;
Raise all our hearts to think of Thee,
And bless us with thy peace.

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HYMN 35. P.M.

BLOOMLESS though the fig tree be,
And the vine no fruit shall yield;
Fade though may the olive tree,
Meat shall none be in the field;
Neither in the fold or stall,
Flock or herd continue shall

2 Yet the Lord my joy shall be,
And in Him I will delight;
In my God that saveth me,
God the Lord, my only might:
Who so guides my feet, that I
Hind-like pace my places high

HYMN 36. P.M.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through ev'ry land proclaim;
The year of Jubilee, &c.

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3 Ye, who have sold for nought
The heritage above,
Come, take it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love:
The year of Jubilee, &c.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of Jubilee, &c.

5 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad!
The year of Jubilee, &c.

HYMN 37. P.M.

BREAD of heav'n! on Thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed:
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread!

2 Vine of heav'n! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice:
Lord, thy wounds our healing give,
To thy Cross we look and live.

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3 Day by day with strength suppli'd,
Through the life of Him who died
Lord of life, oh! let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.

HYMN 38. P.M.

BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Christ, the Lord our Righteousness;
Let our praise to Him be giv'n,
High at God's right hand in heav'n!

2 Son of God, to Thee we bow;
Thou art Lord, and only Thou;
Thou the blessed Virgin's Seed,
Glory of thy Church and Head.

3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing;
Thee we praise, our Priest and King;
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.

4 Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation, by Thee wrought;
Wrought to set thy people free;
Wrought to bring our souls to Thee.

5 May we follow and adore
Thee, our Saviour, more and more;
Guide and bless us with thy love,
Till we join thy saints above!

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HYMN 39. P.M.

BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a Child is born;
From the highest realms of heav'n
Unto us a Son is giv'n.

2 On his shoulder He shall bear
Pow'r and majesty, and wear,
On his vesture and his thigh,
Names most awful, names most high.

3 Wonderful in counsel He,
The incarnate Deity;
Sire of ages, ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of Peace.

4 Come and worship at his feet,
Yield to Christ the homage meet;
From his manger to his throne,
Homage due to God alone.

HYMN 40. C.M.

BRIGHT sunbeams deck the joyful sky,
Hosannas fill the air;
The world is shouting victory,
And hell is in despair.

2 This morn our mighty King arose
From death's infernal cave;
And many a saint to welcome Him
Hath left his ancient grave.

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3 In vain they seal'd his sepulchre,
And watch'd around his tomb:
The Lord hath gain'd the victory,
And death is overcome.

4 Then weep no more at death's dark pow'r,
Let no more tears be shed:
For why? the vanquisher of death
Is risen from the dead.

5 Oh, Jesu! may we ever live
From sin and sorrow free;
Then let us ever die to sin,
And ever live to Thee.

HYMN 41. P.M.

BRIGHTER than meridian splendor,
Beams Messiah's spotless fame;
Him we hail our firm Defender,
Him let ev'ry tongue proclaim.
He is precious,
He is gracious,
He for ever is the same.

2 Lord of glory! Source of favour!
Bid thy heralds take their stand:
Let thy name's reviving savour
Wake each dark and drowsy land.
Saviour, hear us;
Speak, and cheer us,
When we lift the suppliant hand.

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3 Thou art all! and all adore Thee,
Where they hymn one ceaseless song:
Soon shall earth, subdu'd before Thee,
Peal thy name her tribes among.
Sons of glory,
Chant the story,
And your deep amen prolong!

HYMN 42. C.M.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God!

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age,
Will shake the soul with sorrow's pow'r,
And stormy passion's rage!

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5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine!
Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd,
Were all alike divine.

6 Dependant on thy bounteous breath
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

HYMN 43. L.M.

BY day, by night, at home abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

2 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

3 In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Be Thou our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd through all our changing days.

4 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Th' Eternal God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boa:

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HYMN 44. C.M.

CAST forth from Eden's lightsome bow'rs,
In darkness doom'd to rove,
Man knew no peaceful rest below,
No blissful home above.

2 But now the heav'nly King comes down
To show the way to heav'n;
To fetch poor exiles back to God,
Himself to exile giv'n.

3 He comes to wand'rers here below
His succour to afford;
Himself the way, Himself the life,
Himself their great reward.

4 Come, then, incarnate Word, and Thou
Our light, our life shalt be;
And fairer bowers than Adam lost
Shall be regain'd through Thee.

5 Redeemer of the world, to Thee
Be praise from ev'ry coast;
Like praise be to the Father done,
And to the Holy Ghost.

HYMN 45. P.M.

CHILDREN of the heavn'ly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

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2 Ye are trav'lling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest
Ye on Jesu's throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Onward, then, O Lord, we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

HYMN 46. C.M.

CHRIST from the dead is rais'd and made
The first fruits of the tomb;
For, as by man came death, by man
Did resurrection come.

2 For as in Adam all mankind
Did guilt and death derive,
So by the righteousness of Christ
Shall all be made alive!

3 If then ye risen are with Christ,
Seek only how to get
The things that are above, where Chri
At God's right hand doth sit.

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4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

HYMN 47. P.M.

CHRIST is our corner-stone,
On Him alone we build;
With his true saints alone
The courts of heav'n are fill'd.
On his great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.

2 Oh! then with hymns of praise
These hallow'd courts shall ring:
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing,
And thus proclaim
In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
That glorious name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;

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In copious show'r,
On all who pray,
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heav'n
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once giv'n,
Be with us evermore:
Until that day,
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are call'd away.

HYMN 48. P.M.

CHRIST the Lord is ris'n to day, *Hal.*
Sons of men and angels say! *Hal.*
Raise your songs of triumph high, *Hal.*
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply. *Hal.*

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ has open'd Paradise.

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4 Lives again our glorious King,
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save;
Where is thy victory, O grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

HYMN 49. P.M.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine!
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

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HYMN 50. P.M.

CLEFT are the rocks, the earth doth quake,
The slumb'rers of the grave awake;
The temple's veil is rent in twain;
For Christ our sacrifice is slain,
And bears, of sin and death, the pain.

2 Despised is the man of grief,
Rejected and deni'd belief
By them whose sorrows He hath borne,
For whose transgression He is torn,
Whose mortal weakness He hath worn!

3 The mighty One, the Son of God,
Hath humbly kiss'd affliction's rod,
That by his stripes we might be heal'd;
Our pardon by his blood be seal'd,
And boundless mercy stand reveal'd.

HYMN 51. L.M.

COME gracious Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide,
O'er ev'ry thought and step preside.

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From ev'ry sin and hurtful snare;
Teach us thy word, for that must give
Th' instructive lesson how to live.

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3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way:
Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness, the road
Which we must take to dwell with God:
Lead us in Christ, the living way,
To realms of everlasting day.

HYMN 52. L.M.

COME, Holy Ghost, descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits, Thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

2 Jesus, we raise our souls to Thee,
Thy sanctifying spirit breathe,
And let this little infant be
Through grace baptiz'd into thy death.

3 Oh let the unction on him rest,
Thy saving grace his soul renew,
And write within his tender breast
Thy wondrous name and nature too.

4 Exert the energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning blood;
May Father, Son, and Spirit join
To seal this child a child of God.

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HYMN 53. P.M.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire:
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart;
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

2 Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight;
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where Thou art guide no ill can come.

3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both to be but one;
That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song:
Praise to thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

HYMN 54. S.M.

COME, Holy Spirit come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel all sorrow from our minds,
All darkness from our eyes!

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2 Our drooping faith revive,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our hearts the flame
Of never-dying love!

3 Convince us all of sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood;
And to our wond'ring minds reveal
The mercies of our God.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Come, Lord, from heav'n above,
Let us thy temples be!
So shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

HYMN 55. C.M.

COME, Holy Spirit, God of might,
The Comforter of all;
Teach us to know thy word aright,
That we may never fall.

2 Oh Lord, that giv'st thy holy word,
Send preachers plenteously,
That in the same we may accord,
And therein live and die.

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3 Depart not from thy pastors pure,
But aid them at their need,
Who break to us the bread of life
Whereon our souls do feed.

4 Oh God of truth, preserve our Church
In peace and unity;
Keep us from sects and errors all,
And from all heresy.

5 Convert all those that are thy foes
And bring them to thy light,
That they and we may well agree,
And praise Thee day and night.

6 In our time give thy peace, O Lord,
To nations far and nigh;
And teach them all thy word, that they
May sing to Thee Most High.

HYMN 56. C.M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb" our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

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3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to raise thy glories high,
And speak thy endless praise.

5 Let all creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 57. C.M.

COME, let us praise his glorious name
Who spread the lofty skies;
And to the firmament above
Uplift our wond'ring eyes.

2 Slow floating in the blue expanse
The watery clouds we view; [mand,
Whence fruitful show'rs, at God's com-
The thirsty soil bedew.

3 How fair a type of God's free grace,
Which to our souls is giv'n;
It drops into the inner man,
Like gentle dews from heav'n.

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4 And as the faithful heart receives
The sanctifying shower,
In rapture sweet, 'tis rais'd aloft
By God's almighty power.

5 Oh, happy saints, on whom are pour'd
Such blessings from above;
Oh, may they show a thankful heart,
And render love for love.

6 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All glory be from saints on earth,
And from the angel-host.

HYMN 58. C.M.

COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heav'n impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Sorrow, and pain, and ev'ry care,
And discord there shall cease;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

3 The soul, from sin for ever free,
Shall feel its pow'r no more;
But, cloth'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

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4 There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs;
And endless honours to his Name
Employ their raptur'd tongues.

5 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till, in thy blissful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir.

HYMN 59. L.M.

COME, Saviour, come, descend and dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breast:
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be express'd.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And depth of thine unmeasur'd grace.
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,

3 Now to the God, whose pow'r can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the Church, through Christ his Son.

HYMN 60. P.M.

COME, Thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free,
From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee!

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2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Grand desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing heart!

3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child and yet a King!
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy promis'd kingdom bring!

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

HYMN 61. P.M.

COME, Thou Source of ev'ry blessing!
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me that delightful story,
Sung by raptur'd tongues above,
"To the Lamb be endless glory,
"Fount of bliss, and God of love!"

2 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood.

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Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by his help I'm come;
And I hope, by his good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

3 Saviour! Oh how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Whilst redemption's golden fetter
Binds my wand'ring soul to Thee:
Prone to wander, Lord I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love:
Take my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above!

HYMN 62. L.M.

COME, weary souls, with sin distrest,
Come, and accept the promis'd rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Lord! we accept, with thankful hearts,
The hope thy gracious word imparts;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless thy kind inviting voice.

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4 O Saviour! let thy mighty love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
Divinely influence ev'ry breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

HYMN 63. S.M.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known,
Join in a song, with sweet accord,
While ye surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

3 Believing souls have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

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HYMN 64. C.M.

CROWN'D with the Father's glory, Christ
At God's right hand doth sit;
Whence He will come to be our Judge,
To sentence or acquit.

2 O, therefore, save thy servants, Lord,
Whose souls so dearly cost;
Nor let the purchase of thy blood,
Thy precious blood, be lost.

3 We magnify Thee day by day,
And ever worship Thee!
Vouchsafe to keep us, Lord, this day,
From sin and danger free.

4 Have mercy, mercy on us, Lord;
To us thy grace extend,
According as for mercy, we
On Thee alone depend.

HYMN 65. P.M.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

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2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!
You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine!

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the pow'rs of nature, shaken
By his look, prepare to flee.
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd, and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow!
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know."

HYMN 66. P.M.

DAY of vengeance! loud resounding,
Hark! the thrilling trumpet's swell,
Peal on peal o'er earth rebounding,
Nature's universal knell,
Deeply echoing,
Bursts the bands of death and he'

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2 O'er the ruins of creation,
See! on high the Crucified,
Mid the wid'ning devastation,
On the wings of whirlwinds ride.
Man before Him
Bows the spirit of his pride.

3 Lo! the dead in thronging numbers,
Awe-struck at the stern command;
Springing from their iron slumbers,
Round the dread tribunal stand,
View with trembling,
Judgment in his red right hand.

4 O Immanuel! spirit broken,
At thy pierced feet I lie:
What my hope? Behold that token;
See that blood-stained cross on high!
Glorious symbol,
Brightly beaming on my eye!

5 By thy griefs on wild or mountain;
By thine agonising groan;
By thy life-spring's purple fountain;
By thy dark sepulchral stone;
O Immanuel,
Save me, prostrate at thy throne!

HYMN 67. L.M.

DEEP in the dust before thy throne,
Our guilt and our disgrace we own;

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Great God, we own th' unhappy name,
Whence sprung our nature and our shame.

2 But whilst our spirits, fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We sing the honors of thy grace,
That sent to save our ruin'd race.

3 We sing thine Everlasting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own;
Adam the second, from the dust
The ruins raises of the first.

4 Where sin did reign, and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found
Abounding life; there glorious grace
Reigns thro' the Lord our Righteousness.

HYMN 68. L.M.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live!

2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good;
O cleanse us, Lord, in Jesu's blood!
Give ev'ry troubled soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

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HYMN 69. P.M.

DREAD Jehovah, God of nations,
Thron'd in pow'r above the skies,
Let the people's supplications
To thy mercy-seat arise!

2 Lo, with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend:
See us fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, pardon, and defend!

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Loudly for thy vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding;
Jesu's blood can cleanse from all.

4 Pardon, Lord, our past transgression,
O'er us stretch thy saving hand;
Save thy people from oppression;
Guard thy Church and bless our land!

HYMN 70. P.M.

EARNEST of future bliss,
Thee, Holy Ghost, we hail!
Fountain of holiness,
Whose comforts never fail:
Thy cleansing gifts on saints bestow'd,
The witness of their peace with God!

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2 By Thee, on earth, we know
Ourselves in Christ renew'd;
Brought by thy grace into
The family of God:
Of his adopting love the seal,
And faithful teacher of his will.

3 Great Comforter, descend
In gentle breathings down:
Preserve us to the end,
That no man take our crown:
Our Guardian still vouchsafe to be,
And ever keep us near to Thee.

HYMN 71. C.M.

ERE yet the blast of winter blows,
And nature drooping lies,
The flow'rs resign their sunny robes,
And all their beauty dies:

2 Nipt by the year, the forest fades;
And, shaking to the wind,
The leaves toss to and fro, and strew
The wilderness behind.

3 The winter past, reviving flow'rs
Anew shall paint the plain,
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.

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4 But man departs this earthly scene,
Ah, never to return!
No second spring of life revives
The ashes of the urn.

5 Where are our fathers? whither gone
The mighty men of old—
The patriarchs, prophets, princes, kings,
In sacred books enroll'd?

6 Gone to the resting-place of man,
His long, his silent home;
Where ages past have gone before,
Where future ages come.

HYMN 72. L.M.

ETERNAL Beam of Light divine,
The source of inexhausted love,
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Through earth beneath, and heav'n above!

2 Jesu! the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love, and lowly fear.

3 Affliction's cup I take from Thee,
In deep submission to thy will;
Though bitter to the taste it be,
soul shall find it precious still.

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4 Be Thou, my meek Instructor, nigh;
So shall each murm'ring thought be gone;
And grief, and fear, and care, shall fly
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

HYMN 73. P.M.

ETERNAL Ruler of the sky,
Who dost our various wants supply,
In whom we live and move;
O hear the humble suppliant's pray'r,
And deign to make us still thy care,
And perfect us in love!

2 When doubts and fears our minds perplex,
When grief and care our spirits vex,
And we thy aid implore;
Then hear, O God, our earnest pray'r,
Relieve our minds from all their care,
Our hope and joy restore.

3 And long as we this life enjoy,
Grant that we may that life employ
In works of righteousness;
Give us our sinful state to see,
And draw us nearer still to Thee,
And fill our souls with peace!

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4 Then when this mortal life is past,
And death, with friendly hand, at last
Shall close our weary eyes;
May guardian angels round us stand,
And bear our souls, at thy command,
To yonder blissful skies!

HYMN 74. C.M.

ETERNAL Sun of Righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause thy truth my heart to bless,
And on my path to shine!

2 "Light in thy Light" I long to see,
Thy grace and peace to prove;
Reviv'd, and cheer'd, and led by Thee,
The God of pard'ning love.

3 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconcil'd!

4 Thy all-assuaging peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiv'n;
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heav'n!

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HYMN 75. S.M.

FATHER! in whom we live,
In whom we are, and move;
The glory, pow'r, and praise, receive
For thy creating love.

2 Incarnate Deity!
Let all thy ransom'd race
Employ their lives in thanks to Thee,
For thy redeeming grace.

3 Spirit of holiness!
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred gifts, and join to bless
Thy heart-renewing pow'r.

4 The grace on man bestow'd,
Ye heav'nly choirs, proclaim;
And cry, "Salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb!"

HYMN 76. C.M.

FATHER of all our mercies, Thou
In whom we move and live!
Hear us in heav'n, thy dwelling, now,
And answer and forgive.

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2 When bound with sins and trespasses,
From wrath we fain would flee;
Lord! cancel our unrighteousness,
And set the captives free.

3 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten and allure,
By storm or calm, in Thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.

4 As age advances, may we grow
In faith, in hope, and love;
And walk in holiness below,
To holiness above.

HYMN 77. P.M.

FATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify Thyself in me;
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world thine image see.

2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown,
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on Thee alone.

3 Humble, holy, all resign'd
To thy will—thy will be done!
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son.

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4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path He trod,
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with Him to Thee, my God..

HYMN 78. C.M.

FATHER of mercies! let our songs
With Thee acceptance find;
Thy loving kindness we confess,
To us and all mankind.

2 Thanks for creation are thy due,
For life preserv'd by Thee,
And all the blessings life affords,
So great and yet so free.

3 Thanks for redemption, above all,
To us in Jesus giv'n;
Thanks for the means of grace on earth,
And for the hope of heav'n.

4 Lord! may we give ourselves to Thee,
And walking in thy ways,
In righteousness and holiness,
Obey Thee all our days.

HYMN 79. C.M.

FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise.

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2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free:
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope, that Thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence, through my journey, shine,
And crown my journey's end.

HYMN 80. L.M.

FOR those blest penmen of thy word,
Who have thy holy gospel writ,
We praise and honour Thee, O Lord,
And our belief we build on it.

2 Those happy tidings which it brings,
With joyful hearts we do embrace,
And prize, above all other things,
That precious token of thy grace.

3 And whomsoe'er it cometh from,
No other gospel we will hear;
No, though an angel down should come
From heav'n, we would not give him ear.

4 Our resolutions, Lord, are such,
But in performance weak are we;
And the Deceiver's craft is much,
Our Second, therefore, Thou must be.

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5 So we assuredly shall know,
When any doctrines we receive,
If they agreeing be, or no,
To those which we professed have.

HYMN 81. L.M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more!

HYMN 82. C.M.

FROM Calvary's cross a fountain flows
Of water and of blood;
More healing than Bethesda's pool,
Or famed Siloam's flood.

2 Ne'er shall the fountain's sacred stream
Lose its all-cleansing pow'r,
Till the whole ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd to sin no more.

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3 Jesus! that virtue of thy blood
To all our souls apply;
Grant that to Thee we henceforth live,
Grant that to sin we die:

4 Till, spotless, plac'd at thy right hand,
Safe in the realms above,
We cast our crowns before thy throne,
And sing thy boundless love.

HYMN 83. P.M.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strands,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sands;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What, though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Java's* isle,
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

* Bishop Heber wrote both Ceylon and Java.

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3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! Oh salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll;
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spread from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss return to reign.

HYMN 84. C.M.

FULFIL thy promise, gracious Lord,
On us assembled here,
Send forth thy Spirit with the word,
And cause the dead to hear.

2 Preserve the pow'r of faith alive
In those who love thy name;
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

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3 Thy pow'r and mercy first prevail'd
From death to set us free;
And, often since, our life had fail'd,
If not renew'd by Thee.

4 To Thee we look, to Thee we bow,
To Thee for help we call;
Our life and resurrection Thou,
Our hope, our joy, our all.

HYMN 85. P.M.

GIRD on thy conquering sword,
Ascend thy shining car;
And march, Almighty Lord,
To wage the holy war.
Before his wheels,
In glad surprise,
Ye valleys rise,
And sink ye hills.

2 Before thine awful face
Millions of foes shall fall,
The captives of thy grace,
That grace which conquers all.
The world shall know,
Great King of kings,
What wondrous things
Thine arm can do.

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3 Here, too, my waiting soul,
Bend thy triumphant way;
Here ev'ry foe control,
And all thy pow'r display.
My heart, thy throne,
Blest Jesus see,
Submit to Thee,
To Thee alone.

HYMN 86. P.M.

GLORIOUS things of Thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Form'd Thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
Thou art safe from all thy foes.

2 Here the stream of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Flows to cheer thy sons and daughters,
And all dread of want remove:
None can faint where such a river
Freely pours, their thirst t' assuage;
Blessings which, like God, the giver,
Never fail from age to age.

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3 Saviour! if in Zion's city
Thou record our worthless name,
Let the world deride or pity,
We may well endure the shame:
Fading is the sinner's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show:
Solid joy and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

HYMN 87. P.M.

GLORY, glory everlasting,
Be to Him who bore the cross!
Who redeem'd our souls by tasting
Death, the death deserv'd by us:
Spread his glory,
Who redeem'd his people thus.

2 His is love, yea, love unbounded,
Without measure, without end;
Human thought is here confounded,
'Tis too vast to comprehend:
Praise the Saviour,
Magnify the Sinners' Friend.

3 While we hear the wondrous story
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Sing we, "Everlasting glory
"Be to God, and to the Lamb."
Saints and angels,
Give ye glory to his name.

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HYMN 88. P.M.

"GLORY to God on high!"
Let heav'n and earth reply,
"Praise ye his name!"
Angels his love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
And saints cry, evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 Ye who surround the throne,
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name:
Ye who have felt his blood,
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound through the earth abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name:
Still will we tribute bring,
Hail Him our gracious King,
And through all ages sing
"Worthy the Lamb!"

HYMN 89. C.M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

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2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are charg'd with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

4 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

HYMN 90. P.M.

GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring
While Jehovah's praise we sing;
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Be thy glorious name ador'd.

2 Though unworthy of thine ear,
Still our hallelujahs hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When with saints above we sing.

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3 Lead us to that blissful state,
Where Thou reign'st supremely great;
Look with pity from thy throne;
Send thy Holy Spirit down.

4 While on earth ordain'd to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way,
Till we come to reign with Thee,
And thy glorious greatness see.

HYMN 91. P.M.

GREAT God! to Thee our song we raise,
To Thee devote our grateful praise;
Oh never may our footsteps rove
From Thee, the source of truth and love:
But may we still thy praise proclaim,
And joy in our Redeemer's name!

2 What though the fig-tree shall decay,
The vine shall fruitless waste away;
Although the olive shall not bear,
Nor corn produce the ripen'd ear;
But may we still, &c.

3 Though in our folds no flocks be found,
Nor herds to deck th' exhausted ground;
Though all the hopes of plenty fail,
Though blighting pestilence prevail;
But may we still, &c.

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HYMN 92. S.M.

GREAT is the Lord our God;
Let all adore and fear:
He makes the Church his own abode,
To set his glory there.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand;
The honours of our native place,
The bulwarks of our land!

3 For God defends his fold;
He keeps and feeds his own:
Our fathers have his wonders told,
And we his grace have known.

4 In trials and distress
We'll to his house repair;
For there the Lord delights to bless,
And we will seek Him there.

HYMN 93. C.M.

GREAT Prophet of the ransom'd Church!
Command the light to shine:
For stores of wisdom let us search
Thy word—the sacred mine.

2 Jesus! sole oracle of truth,
Oh may we learn of Thee;
Receive true wisdom from thy mouth,
And live from error free.

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3 Of future things, content to know
As much as Thou hast taught;
Not idly curious here below,
In things that profit not.

4 One great event, by Thee foretold,
Teach us to keep in view:
Thy coming!—Oh may we behold,
And share thy glory too.

5 Till then let all thy people here
Walk with increasing light;
And when thy glory shall appear,
Welcome the joyful sight.

HYMN 94. P.M.

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty:
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:
Strong Deliverer,
Take thy shield and by me stand.

2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the streams of healing flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Bread of heav'n,
Feed me while I dwell below!

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3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Saviour! part the rolling torrent,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
With thine Israel
May I joyfully abide!

HYMN 95. C.M.

HAIL! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Mysterious One in Three!
Of Thee we make our joyful boast,
Our songs we make of Thee.

2 Thou present art in ev'ry place,
Thy Godhead we adore;
Beyond the bounds of time and space
Thou dwell'st for evermore.

3 Wisdom unsearchable Thou art;
Thine eyes all creatures see;
For ev'ry thought of ev'ry heart
Is fully known to Thee!

4 And Thou art Love! for Jesus died,
The Lord for sinners slain:
Love bids our hearts in Thee confide,
In Thee salvation gain.

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HYMN 96. L.M.

HAIL flowrets of the martyr-wreath,
Thrice happy in your early death;
Like roses in a stormy sky,
Just born to bloom, and then to die.

2 Sweet lambs of Christ, unask'd ye gave
Your lives for Him who came to save:
Ye smil'd beneath the murd'rers' frown;
Ye sported with your martyr's crown.

3 Oh what avail'd the murd'rers' guilt,
The martyr-blood the tyrant spilt?
That martyr-blood is spilt in vain,
The infant rival is not slain.

4 O'er Bethlehem's coasts a wail is spread,
And hearts are wrung, and joys are fled:
But One survives the carnage wild,
The Virgin-born, the Royal Child.

4 The Father's name we loudly raise,
The Son, the Virgin-born, we praise;
The Holy Ghost we all adore,
One God, both now and evermore.

HYMN 97. C.M.

HAIL, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Be endless praise to Thee!
Supreme, in essence One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three.

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2 Enthron'd in everlasting state
Ere time its round began,
Who join'd in council to create
Thine earthly image, man.

3 Thee, when of old, Isaiah saw
The glorious King of kings;
Ev'n seraphs veil'd, o'erwhelm'd with awe,
Their faces in their wings.

4 To Thee, by mystic pow'rs on high,
Were humble praises giv'n,
When John beheld with favour'd eye,
Th' inhabitants of heav'n.

4 All who the name of creatures own
To Thee in hymns aspire;
May we, before th' eternal throne,
For ever join the choir.

HYMN 98. C.M.

HAIL, mighty Jesus! how divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign
At thy commanding word.

2 Deep are the wounds thine arrows give,
They pierce the hardest heart;
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds the smart.

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3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh,
Ride with majestic sway;
Go forth, great Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey!

4 And when thy vict'ries are complete,
And all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of glory meet,
To sing thy conq'ring grace;

5 Oh may my humble soul be found
Among that favour'd band;
And I, with them, thy praise will sound
Throughout the heav'nly land.

HYMN 99. P.M.

HAIL! thou once-despised Jesus!
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring:
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:

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All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heav'nly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, pow'r, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

HYMN 100. P.M.

HALLELUJAH! Lord, our voices
Rise in choral strains to Thee:
Son of Man, thy church rejoices
In her weekly jubilee!

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2 Hallelujah! mercy beaming
Lights the path that leads to God:
Herald-lips divinely teeming,
Publish blessings bought with blood.

3 Hallelujah! praise ascending,
Shall our faith-wing'd breathings stay?
Lord, before thine altar bending,
Let the heathen hail thy day!

4 Hallelujah! Saviour, hear us!
Downward send thy quick'ning Dove;
May his silver pinions bear us
To the realms of rest and love!

HYMN 101. P.M.

HAPPY the man whose hopes rely
On Isr'el's God! He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' opprest, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

2 The Lord gives eye-sight to the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet releas

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3 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

HYMN 102. C.M.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast!
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Without it, knowledge is in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too,
But devils cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
And this shall strike our joyful strings
In realms of endless peace.

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HYMN 103. P.M.

HARK! hark! the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heav'nly plains!
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains.
Some new delight in heav'n is known,
Loud ring the harps around the throne.

2 Hark! hark! the sounds draw nigh;
The joyful hosts descend;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend.
He comes to bless our fallen race,
He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear, bear the tidings round,
Let ev'ry mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity He can show.
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,
Bear the glad news from pole to pole!

4 Strike, strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name;
Arise, ye sons of men,
And loud his grace proclaim.
Angels and men, wake ev'ry string,
'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing

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HYMN 104. P.M.

HARK! the herald-angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God to man is reconcil'd!

2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

3 Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd:
Christ, the everlasting Lord:
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb!

4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleas'd as Man with man to appear,
Jesus, our Immanuel here!

5 Mild He lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth!

6 Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Ris'n with healing on his wings!

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HYMN 105. P.M.

HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar;
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.

2 Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign:
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

3 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.

4 See! Jehovah's banner's furl'd; [done,
Sheath'd his sword: He speaks—'tis
And the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

5 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway:
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heav'ns have pass'd away.

6 Then the end—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all.

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HYMN 106. P.M.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices:
Heav'nly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory!
"Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heav'n,
"Reaching far as man is found;
"Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiv'n;
"Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the Great Anointed;
"Heav'n and earth his praises sing!
"O receive whom God appointed
"For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
"Learn his name, and taste his joy;
"Till in heav'n ye sing before Him,
"Glory be to God most high!"

6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our Great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory
till it cover all the earth.

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HYMN 107. P.M.

HARK! what mean those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky?
'Tis the cry of heathen nations,
"Come and help us, ere we die!"

2 Lost, and helpless, and desponding,
Wrapt in error's night they lie:
To their cry your hearts responding,
Haste to help them ere they die!

3 Hark, again!—those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky:
Louder cry the heathen nations,
"Come and help us, ere we die!"

4 Hear the heathens' sad complaining;
Christians, hear their dying cry!
And, the love of Christ constraining,
Join to help them, ere they die!

HYMN 108. P.M.

HEAD of the Church triumphant,
We joyfully adore Thee;
Till Thou appear, thy members here
Should sing like those in glory:
We lift our hearts and voices,
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

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2 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, while Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation:
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By Thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

3 By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us,
The shame despise, for that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us:
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, with dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand,
To call us up to heaven.

HYMN 109. C.M.

HEAV'N hath confirm'd the great decree,
That Adam's race must die;
One gen'ral ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.

2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must quickly dwell!
Hark! how the awful summons sounds
In ev'ry fun'ral knell.

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3 Once you must die; O, therefore, now
The solemn edict weigh!
For know, that heav'n or hell attends
On that important day.

4 Your eyes, tho' long with darkness veil'd,
Must wake the Judge to see;
And ev'ry word and ev'ry thought
Must pass his scrutiny.

5 Oh may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my Friend;
And, far beyond the reach of death,
With all his saints ascend!

HYMN 110. P.M.

HELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand by
Throughout the evil day;
A sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray.

2 My soul with thy whole armour arm:
In each approach of sin, alarm
And show the danger near!
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy
And sanctifying fear.

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3 If near the pit I rashly stray,
Before I wholly fall away,
The keen conviction dart;
Recall me by that pitying look,
That kind upbraiding glance, which broke
Unfaithful Peter's heart.

HYMN 111. C.M.

HIGH and exalted is thy throne,
Thou God of righteousness!
Thy vengeance there Thou makest known,
And there thy richest grace.

2 Myriads redeem'd from earth and hell
Around thy throne appear;
And with incessant transports tell
The love that brought them there.

3 There angels and archangels bow,
With cover'd face and feet;
And sinners, too, may thither go,
For 'tis a mercy-seat.

4 Then I'll approach with holy fear
And humble confidence;
For He who spreads his terrors there,
Dispenses blessings thence.

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HYMN 112. C.M.

HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng,
For angels no such love have known,
T' awake a cheerful song.

2 Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And peace on earth is giv'n;
For, lo, the Incarnate Saviour comes,
With messages from heav'n!

3 Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;
Let heav'n and earth in concert join,
The Promis'd Child is born.

4 Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.

5 Oh may we reach those blissful realms
Where Christ exalted reigns,
And learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains!

HYMN 113. C.M.

HOSANNA! raise the pealing hymn
To David's Son and Lord;
With cherubim and seraphim
Exalt th' Incarnate Word.

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2 Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue
No lofty strains can raise:
But Thou wilt not despise the young,
Who meekly chant thy praise.

3 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast thy gifts—how free!
Thy blood our life—thy word our feast—
Thy Name our only plea.

4 Hosanna! Master, lo! we bring
Our off'rings to thy throne;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be thine own.

5 Hosanna! once thy gracious ear
Approv'd a lisping throng:
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor, but grateful song.

6 O Saviour, if, redeem'd by Thee,
Thy temple we behold;
Hosannas, through eternity,
We'll sing to harps of gold!

HYMN 114. S.M.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

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2 How cheering is their voice;
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion behold thy Saviour King,
"He reigns and triumphs here!"

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God!

HYMN 115. P.M.

HOW blest is he whom God forgives,
The man who by his favour lives,
And hopes to see his face;
The child of God by heav'nly birth,
He scorns the highest place on earth,
For yonder higher place.

2 When God forgives, then peace is felt,
That peace that cannot dwell with p—

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The sacred peace of God;
And hope, that lifts the soul on high,
That points to yonder world of joy,
And lightens ev'ry load.

3 How blest is he whom God forgives,
The man who by his favour lives,
In hope already blest;
But Oh! what joys await him there,
Where sav'd from sin, from toil, from fear,
He gains his heav'nly rest!

HYMN 116. C.M.

HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

2 Lo! these are they from suff'rings great,
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
These robes which shine so bright.

3 Now, with triumphal palms, they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 The Lamb that dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

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5 'Mong pastures green He'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from ev'ry eye
Shall wipe off ev'ry tear.

HYMN 117. C.M.

HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The Church, adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts with joys unknown
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
Be her attendants blest!

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6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

HYMN 118. S.M.

HOW faint is man's best praise
To Thee, Thou God of love,
Who dost from death and darkness raise
Our sinful souls above.

2 The faith Thou dost require,
Thou wilt Thyself supply,
That faith which lights the holy fire,
And lifts the soul on high.

3 No outward forms atone
For want of grace within;
The secret sigh, the lowly groan,
Thy favour best can win;

4 When love and truth rejoice
Their grateful praise to bring,
And ev'ry heart and ev'ry voice
Own Thee their God and King.

5 Praise to the Saviour-Son
From all the ransom'd host,
Like praise be to the Father done,
And to the Holy Ghost.

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HYMN 119. S.M.

HOW gentle Christ's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on your Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 While He his saints supports,
Let them securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guide his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heav'nly Saviour's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approv'd
Down to the present day;
Then drop your burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

HYMN 120. S.M.

HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes;
Till Christ, with his reviving light,
Upon our souls arise!

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heav'n;
Till in his righteousness array'd,
We see our sins forgiv'n.

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3 Unholy and impure
Are all the human race:
His hands infected, nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

4 The pow'rs of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain:
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

5 Lord, we adore thy ways
Of bringing us to God;
Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood!

HYMN 121. C.M.

HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load;
The heart unchang'd can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught beside a pow'r divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, Eternal Spirit, thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine th' affections to recall,
And upwards bid them rise;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes.

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4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heav'n, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

5 O change these earthly hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
Then shall our passions and our pow'rs,
Almighty Lord, be thine!

HYMN 122. C.M.

HOW large the promise, how divine,
To Abr'ham and his seed!
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

2 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our forefathers giv'n;
He takes young children in his arms,
And calls them heirs of heav'n.

3 Our God, how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the childrens' name.

4 Then let the children of the saints
Devoted be to God:
Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in thy blood!

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5 Thus, to the parents and their seed
Shall thy salvation come;
And num'rous households meet at last
In one eternal home.

HYMN 123. L.M.

HOW lovely in the eastern sky
Shines forth the Herald from on high!
And Oh, how glad the news from heav'n!
The King is born, the Son is giv'n!

2 Behold the long-predicted sign
The Star of Jacob's ancient line!
The eastern sages hail its rays,
And raptur'd stand in anxious gaze.

3 And soon within their hearts there shine
Rays fairer still and more divine,
Which gently summon them to rise
And trust the guidance of the skies.

4 Oh, while the star of heav'nly grace
Invites us, Lord, to seek thy face,
May we no more that grace repel,
Or quench that light which shines so well!

5 To God the Father, God the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
May ev'ry tongue and nation raise
An endless song of thankful praise.

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HYMN 124. S.M.

HOW perfect is thy word,
And all thy judgments just;
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

2 I'd hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me lest I stray.

3 Warn me of ev'ry sin;
Forgive my secret faults;
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

4 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad;
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God!

HYMN 125. P.M.

HOW sweet to know the Saviour's name,
The Saviour who in mercy came,
And vanquish'd all our foes;
On Him, as on a solid rock,
Our hope is built, and stands the shock
Of every storm that blows.

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2 Then let a world of shadows go!
With joyous peace believers know
Their treasure still is sure;
'Tis laid up there, where nothing fades,
Nor rust consumes, nor thief invades,
And where it is secure.

3 How sweet to have our portion there,
Where sorrow never comes, nor care,
Whence nothing will remove:
We then may hear, without a sigh,
The world's destruction to be nigh;
Our treasure is above.

HYMN 126. S.M.

HOW swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea!
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!

2 Our fathers! where are they,
With all they call'd their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honour gone.

3 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou Everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to Thee commend.

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4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them in the land of light
We dwell before thy face.

HYMN 127. L.M.

HOW vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient ev'ry earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!

2 But, though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a land whose confines lie
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

3 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we're travelling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

HYMN 128. C.M.

HOW watchful need we to become,
And how devoutly pray,
That Thee, O Lord, we fall not from,
Upon our trial day!

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2 For if thy great Apostle said
He would not Thee deny,
Whom he that very night denied,
On what shall we rely?

3 O! let those pray'rs for us avail,
Thou didst for Peter deign;
That when our foe shall us assail,
His labour may be vain.

4 Yea, cast on us those pow'rful eyes
That mov'd him to lament;
We may bemoan with bitter cries
Our follies, and repent.

5 And grant that such as him succeed
For pastors of thy fold,
Thy sheep and lambs may guide and feed,
As Thou appoint'st they should:

6 By his example speaking what
They ought in truth to say;
And in their lives confirming that
They teach them to obey.

HYMN 129. P.M.

IN doubt and dread dismay,
'Midst superstition's gloom,
The heathen grope their way,
And joyless reach the tomb:

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No holy light,
No balmy ray
Of gospel-day
Has bless'd their sight.

2 Then, Star of Life, arise!
And on thy healing wing,
With blood of sacrifice,
Thy great salvation bring:
Let heathen lands
Thy brightness see:
O set them free
From cruel bands.

3 With searching beam explore
The dark strong-holds of sin;
And on the pris'ners pour
Transforming light within.
Bright Morning Star!
Unveil thy face,
And shed thy grace,
In realms afar.

4 O Jesu, Light of Life!
Arouse the world from sleep;
Send love in place of strife,
And joy to those who weep.
Great King of kings!
Thy Spirit give;
Let Gentiles live
Beneath thy wings.

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HYMN 130. P.M.

IN loud exalted strains
The King of Glory praise;
O'er heav'n and earth He reigns,
Through everlasting days:
But Zion, with his presence bless'd,
Is his delight, his chosen rest.

2 O King of Glory, come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thine own:
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
How God can dwell with man below!

SECOND PART.

3 NOW let thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries;
Now let our praise ascend
Accepted to the skies;
Now let thy gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence round.

4 Here may the list'ning throng
Imbibe thy truth and love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above;
Till all, who humbly seek thy face,
[illegible] in thy abounding grace.

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HYMN 131. P.M.

IN the sun, and moon, and stars,
Signs and wonders there shall be,
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.

2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Toss'd with stronger tempests, rise;
Wilder storms the mountains sweep,
Louder thunder rock the skies.

3 Dread alarms shall shake the proud,
Pale amazement, restless fear;
And, amid the thunder cloud,
Shall the Judge of men appear.

4 But, though from his awful face
Heav'n shall fade, and earth shall fly,
Fear not ye, his chosen race,
Your redemption draweth nigh.

HYMN 132. P.M.

IN this world of sin and sorrow,
Compass'd round with many a care,
From eternity we borrow
Hope, which banishes despair.

2 Thee, triumphant God and Saviour,
Darkly through a glass we see;
O assist each faint endeavour;
Raise our earth-born souls to Thee.

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3 Place the awful scene before us
Of the last tremendous day,
When to life Thou wilt restore us;
Ling'ring ages, haste away!

4 Then this vile and sinful nature
Incorruption shall put on;
Life renewing, glorious Saviour,
Let thy gracious will be done!

HYMN 133. C.M.

INCARNATE God! the soul that knows
Thy Name's mysterious pow'r,
May dwell in undisturb'd repose,
Nor fear the trying hour.

2 Angels, unseen, around the saints
Their guardian pinions spread,
To cheer the spirit when it faints,
And shield the sacred head.

3 Himself, the Lord of angels, keeps
The souls that love his name;
Lo! Israel's Shepherd never sleeps;
He always is the same.

4 Crosses and changes are their lot,
While yet they sojourn here;
But, since their Saviour changes not,
What have the saints to fear?

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HYMN 134. P.M.

ISR'EL'S Shepherd! guide me, feed me,
Through my pilgrimage below;
And beside the waters lead me,
Where thy sheep rejoicing go.

2 Could I wander, fear disdaining,
Could I quit thy shelt'ring fold,
Heedless of thy grace constraining,
In the strength of nature bold?

3 No: thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly bowing, I implore;
I have found Thee, and would never,
Never wander from Thee more.

4 Come, my soul, temptation flying,
Arm thee for the strife within:
Jesus, thy Redeemer, dying,
Stamps an infamy on sin.

5 Yield, my heart, no longer harden'd,
Rouse thy ev'ry latent pow'r:
Cleans'd, and wash'd, and freely pardon'd,
Go in peace, and sin no more.

HYMN 135. C.M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

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2 When shall these eyes thy glorious walls,
And gates of pearl behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of purest gold?

3 Oh! when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end?

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Jesus, my Saviour, dwells therein,
In glorious majesty;
And Him, through ev'ry stormy scene,
I onward press to see.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand,
And all I love in Christ below
Shall join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When once thy joys I see.

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HYMN 136. P.M.

JESUS from the skies descending,
Lies a Babe on earth!
Seraphs o'er the manger bending,
Hail the wond'rous birth!
Lo! the watchful shepherds hear,
Sounds of joy with holy fear;
Haste to gaze: then, far and near,
Spread the tidings forth.

2 'Tis to open sweet communion
'Twixt the earth and skies;
'Tis to bind all hearts in union,
God an infant lies!
Gaze upon that placid brow,
And, while ye admiring bow,
Holy love to cherish vow,
Till all discord dies.

3 Oh let ev'ry heart adore Him!
Peace and love o'erflow!
Anger, hatred, sink before Him,
To your depths below!
Be no sound beneath the sky;
Be no glance from mortal eye;
Be no thought, no feeling, nigh,
Brethren should not know.

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HYMN 137. C.M.

JESUS, the Friend of human kind,
With strong compassion mov'd,
Descended like a pitying God,
To save the souls He lov'd.

2 The pow'rs of darkness leagu'd in vain
To bind his soul in death;
He shook their kingdom when He fell
With his expiring breath.

3 And now his conqu'ring chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
While, broke beneath his pow'rful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

4 Exalted high at God's right hand,
And Lord of all below,
Through Him is pard'ning love dispens'd,
And boundless blessings flow.

5 To Thee, my Saviour, and my King,
Glad homage let me give;
And stand prepar'd, like Thee, to die,
With Thee that I may live.

HYMN 138. P.M.

JESU, Refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:

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Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stay'd;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness:
Frail and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

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HYMN 139. P.M.

JESU, Shepherd of the sheep!
Pow'rful is thine arm to keep
All thy flocks with safest care,
Fed in pastures large and fair.

2 Thee their Guide and Guard they own;
Thee they love, and Thee alone;
Thee they follow day by day,
Fearful lest their feet should stray.

3 Lord, thy helpless sheep behold;
Gather all unto thy fold;
Gently lead the wand'rers home;
Watch them, lest again they roam.

4 Bring thy sheep, now far astray,
Lost in Satan's evil way;
Then (the fold and Shepherd one)
We shall praise Thee round the throne.

HYMN 140. P.M.

JESU, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry longing heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe, thy gracious Spirit,
Into ev'ry troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd rest.

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3 Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as thine hosts above;
Laud and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy precious love.

4 Finish, then, thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted, may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee!

HYMN 141. L.M.

JESU! thy spotless righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress:
'Midst flaming worlds, in this array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Ev'n then shall this be all my plea,
"Jesus hath liv'd, hath died for me."

3 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners! Thee proclaim;
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

4 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

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5 And when the dead shall hear thy voice,
Thy banish'd children shall rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
"Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness!"

HYMN 142. P.M.

JESUS, we thy promise claim;
We are gather'd in thy Name:
In the midst do Thou appear,
Manifest thy presence here.

2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace;
Come and dwell within each heart,
Light, and life, and joy impart.

3 Make us all in Thee complete,
Make us all for glory meet;
Meet t' appear before thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.

HYMN 143. C.M.

JOY to the world; the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth; the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While seas and shores, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

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3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

HYMN 144. P.M.

KING of Salem! meet us now;
We before thy presence bow:
King of righteousness and peace!
With thy gracious presence bless.

2 King of Peace! to Thee we fall,
And to Thee devote our all:
Bless us all our days below;
Let us thy salvation know.

HYMN 145. P.M.

LEAD us, heav'nly Father! lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee:
Yet possessing ev'ry blessing,
If our God our Father be!

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2 Saviour! breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go!

3 Spirit of our God! descending,
Fill our hearts with heav'nly joy;
Love, with every passion, blending
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided, pardon'd, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

HYMN 146. S.M.

LESS than the least of all
Thy mercies, Lord, are we;
Yet, for the greatest we may call,
The greatest are most free.

2 Thy Son Thou didst not spare,
Yet us Thou sparest still;
Him didst Thou send our guilt to bear,
Our righteousness fulfil.

3 For such amazing grace
What can poor sinners give?
At thy command we seek thy face;
We meet our Judge, and live.

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4 The world we would forsake,
Our all to Thee resign;
O save us, for thy mercies' sake!
O save us,—we are thine!

5 Meanwhile, as pilgrims here,
Who seek our home above,
Thee may we serve with holy fear,
And love with child-like love.

HYMN 147. L.M.

LET men on earth, and angels, bring
Their honours to the Saviour-King:
Let sinners own his sov'reign sway,
And ev'ry land his will obey.

2 O'er worlds below and worlds above,
He rules by wisdom, pow'r, and love;
Restrains his foes, and guards his friends;
His wide dominion never ends.

3 In Zion he maintains his throne,
And makes his kingly glory known;
Nor hell nor death can e'er withstand
The pow'r of his almighty hand.

4 The saints shall reign with Christ their head,
When gloomy death himself is dead;
There shall they shine in bliss complete,
And cast their crowns at Jesu's feet.

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HYMN 148. L.M.

LET not the wise his wisdom boast,
The mighty glory in his might,
The rich in flatt'ring riches trust,
Which take their everlasting flight.

2 The rush of num'rous years beats down
The most gigantic strength of man:
And where is all his wisdom gone,
When dust he turns to dust again?

3 One only gift can justify
The contrite soul that knows his God:
When Jesus doth his blood apply,
I'll glory in his sprinkled blood.

4 The Lord, my Righteousness, I'll praise,
I'll triumph in the love divine,
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,
In Christ, through endless ages, mine!

HYMN 149. C.M.

LET sinners boast of kindred joys,
The poor delights of sense;
'Tis Christ our inmost thoughts employs,
We draw our comforts thence.

2 With sweet contentment now we bid
Farewell to pleasures here;
With Christ in God our life is hid,
all its springs are there.

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3 'Tis now conceal'd and lodg'd secure
In God's Eternal Son;
From age to age shall it endure,
Though to the world unknown.

4 Jesus, remove whate'er divides
Our ling'ring souls from Thee;
'Tis fit that where the head resides
The members, too, should be.

HYMN 150. P.M.

LO! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign!

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty:
They who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!

3 Ev'ry island, sea and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

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4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air.
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

HYMN 151. L.M.

LO, round the throne at God's right hand,
The saints in countless myriads stand,
Of every tongue redeem'd to God,
Array'd in garments wash'd in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despis'd the shame;
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 Hunger and thirst they feel no more;
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore;
The tears are wip'd from ev'ry eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.

4 They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of his grace;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise;
To Him their loud hosannas raise.

5 Oh, may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life!

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HYMN 152. C.M.

LONG have we heard the joyful sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
Yet still how weak our faith is found,
How slow to learn thy word!

2 Oft we frequent thy holy place,
Yet hear almost in vain,
Such faint expressions of thy grace
Our languid pow'rs retain.

3 How cold and feeble is our love,
How negligent our fear!
How low our hopes of joys above,
How few affections there!

4 Great God, thy sov'reign aid impart,
To give thy word success;
Write all its precepts on our heart,
And deep its truths impress.

5 O speed our progress in the way
That leads to joys on high,
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

HYMN 153. L.M.

LOOK down, O Lord! and on our youth
Bestow thy gifts of heav'nly grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Find in each heart a fruitful place.

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2 Soon to appear before thy sight,
Their vow and promise to renew,
Prepare them for the solemn rite:
May they their hearts and lives review!

3 The cross, that mark'd their infant brow,
May it a faithful emblem prove,
That they shall keep that sacred vow,
And walk as children of thy love.

4 Thy sons and daughters may they be,
Confirm'd and strengthen'd by thy grace;
And, safe through life preserv'd by Thee,
In heav'n behold Thee face to face!

HYMN 154. P.M.

LOOK up to yonder world!
See myriads round the throne!
Each bears a golden harp,
Each wears a glorious crown:
With zeal they strike the sacred lyre,
And strive to raise their praises higher.

2 Believing in his Name,
They in his footsteps trod;
His righteousness their hope,
Their only plea his blood:
Lo! now they reign with Him above,
Behold his face, and sing his love.

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3 And shall we not aspire
Like them our course to run?
The crown, if we would wear,
The cross must first be borne.
Divinely taught, they show the way,
First to believe, and then obey.

HYMN 155. C.M.

LORD, bless our *Queen*, and let *her* reign
In peaceful safety long,
The faith's defender to remain,
And shield the truth from wrong.

2 With awful love, and loving dread,
Let us observe *her*, Lord;
And, as the members with their head,
In christian peace accord.

3 O teach *her* justly to command,
Us rightly to obey;
So both shall safe together stand,
And doubts shall fly away.

4 O make us, Lord, disposed thus,
And our dread sov'reign save;
Bless us in *her*, and *her* in us,
That both may blessings have.

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5 [That, ruler of our land she may
Still many years be seen:
So will we sing the happy day
When she became our Queen.]

6 (That many years for him we may
This song devoutly sing;
And mark it for a happy day
When he became our King.)

HYMN 156. L.M.

LORD, cause thy face on us to shine;
Give us thy peace, and seal us thine;
Teach us to prize the means of grace,
And love thine earthly dwelling-place.

2 One is our faith, and one our Lord;
One body, spirit, hope, reward:
May we in one communion be,
One with each other, one with Thee!

3 Bless all, whose voice salvation brings;
Who minister in holy things;
Our bishops, priests, and deacons bless;
Clothe them with zeal and righteousness!

4 Let many, in the judgment day,
Turn'd from the error of their way,
Their hope, their joy, their crown, appear!
Save those who preach, and those who hear!

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HYMN 157. P.M.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace:
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace!
O refresh us,
Trav'ling through this wilderness!

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

HYMN 158. S.M.

LORD, I will sing to Thee,
For Thou displeased wast;
And yet withdrew'st thy wrath from me,
And sent me comfort hast.

2 Thou art my health, on whom
A fearless trust I lay,
For Thou, O Lord, Thou art become
My strength, my song, my stay.

3 And with rejoicing now,
Sweet waters we convey
Forth of those springs whence life doth flow:
And thus we, therefore, say;—

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4 "O sing unto the Lord,
"His name and works proclaim;
"Yea, to the people bear record,
"That glorious is his name.

5 "Unto the Lord, O sing;
"For wonders He hath done:
"And many a renowned thing,
"Which through the earth is known.

6 "O sing aloud all ye
"On Sion hill that dwell!
"For, lo, thy Holy One in thee
"Is great, O Israel."

HYMN 159. C.M.

LORD, help us on thy word to feed,
In peace dismiss us hence;
Be Thou in ev'ry time of need
Our refuge and defence!

2 We now desire to bless thy Name;
And in our hearts record,
And with our thankful tongues proclaim,
The goodness of the Lord.

HYMN 160. C.M.

LORD, should the sun, the clouds, the wind,
The air, and seasons, be
To us so froward and unkind
As we are false to Thee;

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2 All fruits would quite away be burn'd,
Or lie in water drown'd,
Or blasted be, or overturn'd,
Or chilled on the ground.

3 But from our duty though we swerve,
Thou still dost mercy show,
And deign thy creatures to preserve,
That men might thankful grow.

4 The heav'n the earth's complaints hath heard;
They reconciled be:
And Thou such weather hast prepar'd
As we desir'd of Thee.

5 For which, with lifted hands and eyes,
To Thee we do repay
The due, and willing sacrifice,
Of giving thanks to-day.

6 Because, such offerings we should not
To render Thee be slow;
Nor let that mercy be forgot,
Which Thou art pleas'd to show.

HYMN 161. C.M.

LORD! stamp thine image on our hearts,
And all our pow'rs renew;
Our understandings fill with light,
Our stubborn wills subdue.

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2 Draw our desire to things above,
And off from things below;
Give us to know thy heav'nly truth,
And practise what we know.

3 Grant us those tokens of thy love
We ne'er enjoy'd before;
No more let guilty fear distress;
Let sin bear rule no more.

4 May grace implanted grow, and shine
In all its beauty, Lord;
May others see that we are thine,
And love thy holy word.

HYMN 162. P.M.

LORD, thy word, our bright'ning treasure,
In life's deepest shade,
Yieldeth still increasing pleasure,
As all else doth fade:
From the wilderness it shows
Whence the land of promise glows,
O'er the vale of sweet repose,
Where the dead are laid.

2 Sweet repose, until the breaking
Of that coming day,
When the holy sleepers, waking,
Shall their home survey!

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Then, not seraph's tongue may tell
Mid what glories they shall dwell,
With what notes of rapture swell
Heav'ns eternal lay.

3 May thy word, O Lord, be clearer
To our vision still:
May the good it shows be dearer;
Hated more the ill!
Grant us, Lord, the grace we need;
Light vouchsafe us as we read;
Tend us, guard, and safely lead
To thy holy hill!

HYMN 163. C.M.

LORD, when our off'rings we present
Before thy gracious throne,
We but return what Thou hast lent,
And give thee of thine own.

2 Ourselves, our all, to Thee we owe,
To us Thou'rt ever kind;
And, while we of thy gifts bestow,
Give Thou the willing mind.

3 The power and willingness to give
Alike proceed from Thee;
We debtors are, and, while we live,
Shall ever debtors be.

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4 O Lord, our contributions bless,
For their appointed end,
And crown with happiest success
The cause that we befriend.

HYMN 164. P.M.

LORD, whose love in pow'r excelling,
Wash'd the leper's stains away;
Jesus, from thy holy dwelling,
Hear us, help us, when we pray!
From the filth of vice and folly,
From infuriate passions rage;
Evil thoughts and hopes unholy,
Heedless youth, and selfish age;

2 From the lusts, whose deep pollution
Adam's elder taint disclose;
From the tempter's dark intrusion,
And from everlasting woes;
From the miser's cursed treasure,
From the drunkard's jest obscene;
From the world, its pomp and pleasure,
Jesus, Master, make us clean!

HYMN 165. P.M.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above..

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Thus may we abide in union,
With each other and the Lord!
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

HYMN 166. P.M.

MAY the pow'r that brings salvation,
Still exerted in the word,
By its quick'ning operation,
Life impart and joy afford!
Life to sinners,
Joy to those who know the Lord.

2 Hark! the voice of love proclaiming
Mercy thro' a Saviour's blood!
Vain the schemes of human framing,
This alone is own'd of God:
'Tis the gospel
Points to heav'n, and shows the road.

HYMN 167. L.M.

MY God, and is thy table spread,
And doth thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all thy sweetness know.

2 Hail sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heav'nly foo

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3 Why are its blessings, all in vain,
Before unwilling hearts display'd?
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

4 O let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

HYMN 168. S.M.

MY Maker and my King!
To Thee my all I owe;
Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

2 Thou, ever good and kind!
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

3 The creature of thy hand,
On Thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than I can give.

4 Lord, what can I impart,
When all was thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart;
The gift, alas! how poor!

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5 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powr's to Thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

HYMN 169. C.M.

MY Saviour, while in mortal flesh
I hold my frail abode,
Still would my spirit rest on thee,
Its Saviour, and its God.

2 By hourly faith in thee I live
'Midst all my griefs and snares;
And death, encounter'd in thy sight,
No form of horror wears.

3 Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms;
Be dead to ev'ry sin;
And tell the boldest foes without,
That Jesus reigns within.

4 My life with his connected stands,
Nor asks a surer ground;
He keeps me in his gracious arms,
Where heav'n itself is found.

HYMN 170. C.M.

MY times of sorrows and of joys,
Great God, are in thy hand;
From Thee my sweetest comforts rise
And go at thy command.

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2 If Thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I ever love Thee less,
Though all the world were gone;
But seek enduring happiness
In Thee, O Lord, alone.

HYMN 171. S.M.

NO dawn of holy light,
No day of sacred rest,
E'er breaks upon the heathen's sight,
To soothe his troubled breast.

2 But lo! with healing ray,
The day-spring meets our eye;
And christians, on their Master's day,
Rejoice to feel Him nigh.

3 To Him let praise be giv'n,
The noblest, sweetest, best;
For He has brought us light from heav'n,
And hope of endless rest.

4 Lord! let thy saving light,
Thy day of glorious rest,
Soon chase from earth the toilsome night,
And soothe each wearied breast!

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HYMN 172. C.M.

NO outward mark we have to know
Who thine, O Christ, may be,
Until a christian love doth show
Who appertains to Thee.

2 For knowledge may be reach'd unto,
And formal justice gain'd;
But till each other love we do,
Both faith and works are feign'd.

3 Love is the sum of those commands
Which Thou with thine dost leave;
And for a mark on them it stands,
Which never can deceive.

4 By this were thy Apostles knit,
And joined so in one;
Their true love-knot could never yet
Be broken nor undone.

5 O let us, Lord, received be
Into that sacred knot,
And one become with them and Thee,
That sin undo us not.

HYMN 173. S.M.

NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace
Or wash away the stain.

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2 But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While, like a penitent, I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

HYMN 174. C.M.

NOT unto us, but Thee, O Lord,
Be praise and glory giv'n
For ev'ry gracious thought and word
Which brings us nearer heav'n.

2 Thy saints are in thy faithful hand,
Secure beneath thine eye;
And safe at last they all shall stand
Before thy throne on high.

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3 Redeem'd from sin, and sav'd by grace,
Thy glory they shall see,
And eye to eye, and face to face,
For ever dwell with Thee.

4 O hasten, Lord, the glorious day,
Call all thy children home;
Teach us with humble hope to say,
"Lord Jesus, quickly come!"

HYMN 175. C.M.

NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be dim with grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?

2 Though earthly shepherds be remov'd,
And earthly teachers gone;
Though darkness close their watchful eye,
Though silent be their tongue;—

3 Th' Eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

4 "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord;
"My church shall safe abide;
"For I will ne'er forsake my own,
"Whose souls in me confide."

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HYMN 176. C.M.

O COME, Thou Blessed Spirit, come;
Unto our souls appear;
And of thy graces, show'r Thou some
On this assembly here.

2 To us thy dove-like meekness lend,
That humble we may be,
And on thy silver wings ascend,
Our Saviour Christ to see.

3 O, let thy cloven tongues, we pray,
So rest on us again,
That both thy truth confess we may,
And teach it other men.

4 Moreover, let thy heav'nly fire,
Enflamed from above,
Burn up in us each vain desire,
And warm our hearts with love.

5 Vouchsafe Thou likewise to bestow
On us thy sacred peace;
We stronger may in union grow,
And in debates decrease.

6 Which peace, though many yet contemn,
Reformed let them be,
That we may, Lord, have part in them,
And they have part in Thee.

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HYMN 177. C.M.

O GOD! by whom the seed is giv'n;
By whom the harvest blest; [heav'n,
Whose word, like manna shower'd from
Is planted in our breast;

2 Preserve it from the passing feet
And plunderers of the air;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care!

3 Though buried deep or thinly strewn,
Do Thou thy grace supply;
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky!

HYMN 178. P.M.

O GOD, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress!
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
To think upon th' eternal state,
And wake to righteousness.

2 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

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3 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss t' insure:
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

4 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with Thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

HYMN 179. C.M.

O GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.

2 Our vows, our pray'rs, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

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4 O, spread thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease;
And at our Father's lov'd abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble pray'rs implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

HYMN 180. C.M.

O GOD of mercy, send thy grace
All-pow'rful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 Oh! may our sympathising breast
That gen'rous pleasure know,
To freely share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 Whene'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts, their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus look'd on dying men,
Enthron'd above the skies;
And when He saw their lost estate,
Felt his compassion rise.

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5 Since Christ, to save our guilty souls,
On wings of mercy flew,
We, whom the Saviour thus hath lov'd,
Should love each other too.

HYMN 181. C.M.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an ev'ning gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

5 Like flow'ry fields the nations stand,
Pleas'd with the morning light;
The flow'rs beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.

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6 O God our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home!

HYMN 182. C.M.

O GOD, we praise thy wondrous love,
We bless our Saviour's Name,
Who, man's salvation to procure,
Despis'd reproach and shame.

2 Thro' sorrow and thro' death He pass'd,
Thy pleasure to fulfil;
He magnifi'd thy holy law,
And finish'd all thy will.

3 All we, ungrateful to thy love,
Like sheep had gone astray;
From wisdom's happy path we turn'd,
And chose the sinner's way.

4 But by our Shepherd now brought back,
And with his favour blest,
We're taught the safe, the happy road
That leads to joy and rest.

5 To God, the Everlasting King,
Be endless praises giv'n,
Who sent his Son on earth to die,
And make our peace with heav'n.

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HYMN 183. C.M.

O HELP us, Lord, each hour of need,
Thy heav'nly succour give;
Help us in thought, in word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 O help us when our spirit fails,
With contrite anguish sore;
When unbelief of heart prevails,
O help us, Lord, the more.

3 O help us, through the pray'r of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more a servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 O help us, Jesus! from on high,
We know no help but Thee;
O help us so to live and die
As thine in heav'n to be.

HYMN 184. L.M.

O KING of kings, thy blessings shed
On our anointed Sov'reign's head:
And, looking from thy throne in heav'n,
Protect the crown Thyself hast giv'n!

2 Her, for thy sake, may we obey;
Uphold her right, and love her sway;
Rememb'ring all the powers that be
Are ministers ordain'd by Thee.

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3 By her this favour'd nation bless;
To her wise counsels give success;
In peace, in war, thy pow'r be seen;
Confirm her strength,—O save our Queen!

4 And when all earthly thrones decay,
And earthly glories fade away,
Give her a nobler throne on high,
A crown of immortality!

HYMN 185. L.M.

O LORD, our everlasting God, [thine;
Bliss, greatness, pow'r, and praise is
With Thee have conquests their abode,
And glorious majesty divine.

2 All things that earth and heav'n afford,
Thou at thine own disposing hast:
To Thee belongs the kingdom, Lord,
And Thou, for Head, o'er all art plac'd.

3 Thou wealth and honour dost command;
To Thee made subject all things be:
Both strength and pow'r are in thine hand,
To be dispos'd as pleaseth Thee.

4 And now, to Thee our God therefore,
A song of thankfulness we frame;
That what we owe we may restore,
And glorify thy glorious Name.

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5 Yea, give us perfect hearts, we pray,
That we thy precepts err not from;
And grant our contribution may
An honour to thy Name become.

HYMN 186. C.M.

O LORD, the Fount of sacred joy,
From Thee true pleasures flow:
Thy love yields bliss without alloy,
A taste of heav'n below.

2 Whilst in this vale of tears I walk,
With pain and gloom opprest,
Of all thy wonders will I talk,
And charm my griefs to rest.

3 I'll tune my heart to grateful lays,
And wake each silent string;
In swelling accents sound thy praise,
My Saviour and my King.

4 Until I reach yon blissful shore,
And join th' enraptur'd strain,
"Worthy the Lamb for evermore,
"The Lamb for sinners slain."

HYMN 187. L.M.

O SAVIOUR, is thy promise fled?
Nor longer might thy grace endure,
To heal the sick and raise the dead,
And preach the gospel to the poor?

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2 Come, Jesus, come! return again;
With brighter beam thy servants bless,
Who long to feel thy perfect reign,
And share thy kingdom's happiness!

3 A feeble race, by passion driv'n,
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
And lift our anxious eyes to heav'n,
Our hope, our harbour, and our home.

4 Yet, 'mid the wild and wintry gale,
When Death rides darkly o'er the sea,
And strength and earthly daring fail,
Our pray'rs, Redeemer! rest on Thee!

5 Come, Jesus, come! and, as of yore
The prophet went to clear thy way,
A harbinger thy feet before,
A dawning to thy brighter day:

6 So now may grace, with heav'nly show'r,
Our stony hearts for truth prepare;
Sow in our souls the seed of pow'r,
Then come and reap thy harvest there!

HYMN 188. C.M.

O SAVIOUR of the faithful dead!
With whom thy servants dwell,
Though cold and green the turf is spread,
Above their narrow cell:

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2 No more we cling to mortal clay,
We doubt and fear no more,
Nor shrink to tread the dreary way,
Which Thou hast trod before.

3 When, soon or late, this feeble breath
No more to Thee shall pray,
Support me through the vale of death,
And in the darksome way.

4 When, cloth'd in fleshly weeds again,
I wait thy dread decree,
Judge of the world! remember, then,
That Thou hast died for me!

HYMN 189. S.M.

O THOU, the God of peace,
Thy blessing we entreat;
Our ev'ry grace do Thou increase,
Our holiness complete.

2 Our body, spirit, soul,
Require thy quick'ning aid;
Renew our frame; and may the whole
By Thee be wholly made.

3 Then, when our Lord appears,
Unspotted we shall be;
Our hope thy precious promise cheers,
Assur'd thy truth to see.

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HYMN 190. C.M.

O THOU, who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceiv'd and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee.

2 But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

3 Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

HYMN 191. L.M.

O THOU, whom neither time nor space
Can circle in, unseen, unknown,
Nor faith in boldest flight can trace,
Save through thy Spirit and thy Son!

2 And Thou that from thy bright abode,
To us in mortal weakness shown,
Didst graft the manhood into God,
Eternal, co-eternal Son!

3 And Thou, whose unction from on high
By comfort, light, and love is known!
Who, with the Parent Deity,
Dread Spirit! art for ever one!

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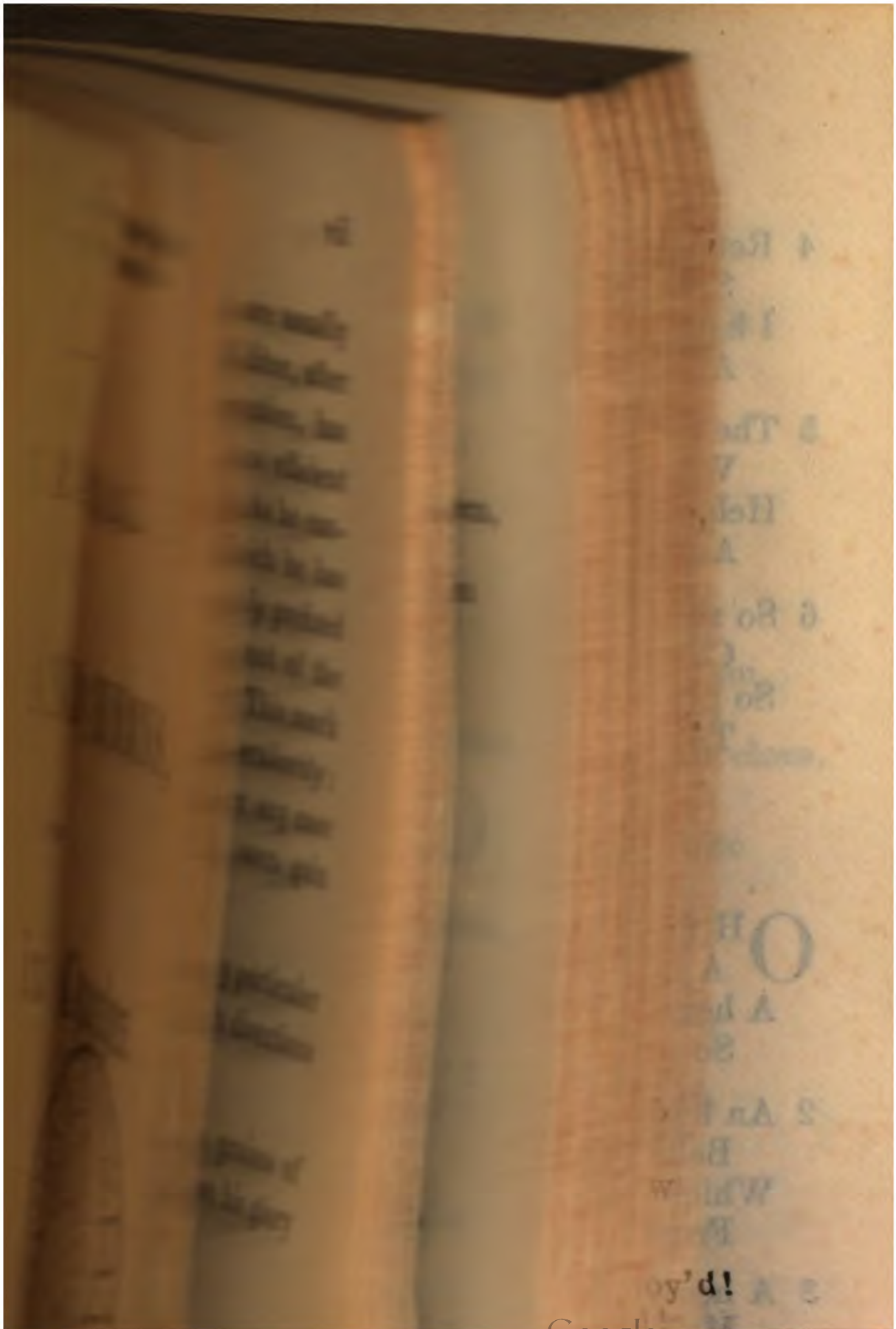
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4 Great First and Last! thy blessing give!
And grant us faith, thy gift alone,
To love and praise Thee while we live,
And do whate'er Thou would'st have done!

HYMN 192. L.M.

O ZION! when I think on Thee,
I wish for pinions like the dove,
And mourn to think that I should be
So distant from the place I love.

2 A captive here, and far from home,
For Zion's sacred walls I sigh;
The ransom'd nations thither come,
And see the Saviour eye to eye.

3 But yet we shall behold the day,
When Zion's children shall return;
Our sorrows then shall flee away,
And we shall never, never mourn.

4 The hope that such a day will come
Makes e'en the captive's portion sweet;
Though now we wander far from home,
In Zion soon we all shall meet.

HYMN 193. P.M.

OBJECT of my first desire,
Jesus crucifi'd for me;
Let my heart to this aspire,
Only to be found in Thee.

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Thee to praise and Thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below;
Thee to see and Thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

2 Lord, it is not life to live,
If thy presence Thou deny:
Lord, if Thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.
Source and giver of repose,
Singly from thy smile it flows;
Peace and happiness are thine,
Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

HYMN 194. C.M.

OH! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

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4 Return, O Holy Dove! return,
Sweet Messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 195. C.M.

OH for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from guilt set free;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me:

2 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:

3 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

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4 Thy holy nature, Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new, best Name of love.

HYMN 196. C.M.

OH for a thousand tongues, to sing
The Great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of our God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 He breaks the pow'r of death and sin,
And sets the captive free;
His blood, which makes the sinner clean,
Is all the sinner's plea.

3 He speaks, and at his pow'rful voice
New life the dead receive;
The broken hearts again rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

4 Lord of our life, all-gracious God,
Thy goodness we'll proclaim,
Declare thy wondrous acts abroad,
And bless our Saviour's Name.

HYMN 197. S.M.

OH for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh be like theirs' my last repose,
Like theirs' my last reward.

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2 Their bodies in the ground
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransom'd spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with Him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalm'd with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

5 Oh for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh be like theirs' my last repose,
Like theirs' my last reward.

HYMN 198. L.M.

OH happy day that fix'd my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 Oh happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
And echo through his courts above.

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3 'Tis done; the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and compliance won,
Charm'd to obey the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on angels' bread to feast?

5 High heav'n, which heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

HYMN 199. P.M.

OH, loud are the strains
Of the angels of light,
Who praise Him that reigns
In glory and might;
May we, too, combining
Our own feeble lays,
Now please Him by joining
Their chorus of praise!

2 Before his great Lord
See the archangel stand,
Whose two-edged sword
O'ercame the fell band;

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Who, when against heaven,
They dar'd to rebel,
In fury were driven
To nethermost hell.

3 Blest spirits of light,
How fair your abode;
Ye stand in the height
Before our great God;
For evermore sharing
His counsels of love,
His people preparing
For regions above.

4 O, praise Him who gave
The Son of his love;
And Him who to save
Came down from above;
And let equal praises
The Spirit extol,
Who comforts and raises
And strengthens the soul.

HYMN 200. C.M.

OH may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdu'd
His government to own.

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2 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be join'd with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My soul to be sincere.

3 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
And Satan's treach'rous ways;
Around me let each virtue shine
That brings my Saviour praise.

4 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait with strong desire
To meet Thee in the skies.

HYMN 201. S.M.

OUR Captain leads us on,
He beckons from the skies,
He reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.

2 "Be faithful unto death,
"Partake my victory,
"And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
"And thou shalt reign with Me."

3 'Tis thus the righteous Lord
To ev'ry soldier saith,
Eternal life is the reward
Of all-victorious faith.

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4 Who conquer in his might,
The victor's meed receive;
They claim a kingdom in his right,
Which God shall freely give.

HYMN 202. S.M.

OUR festal morn is come!
And, Lord, we come to Thee:
Thy house shall be our joyful home,
Thy Name our melody.

2 "These temples of thy grace,
"How beautiful they stand!
"The honours of our native place,
"And bulwarks of our land."

3 Our fathers built this fane,
And watch'd the live-long night;
They sleep in death, but we remain
To hail a purer light.

4 Then blow the trumpet, blow;
The psalm, the psaltry take:
Let ev'ry heart with praise o'erflow,
And ev'ry lip awake.

5 Sound, sound, that sweetest strain,
The gospel-jubilee!
Till bursting from their idol-chain,
The heathen shall be free.

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6 Thus let us keep the feast,
Thus wake to righteousness;
And teach the world from sin releas'd,
The Lord our God to bless.

HYMN 203. C.M.

OUR God is love; and all his saints
His image bear below;
The heart, with love to God inspir'd,
With love to man will glow.

2 O may we love each other, Lord,
As we are lov'd of Thee!
For none are truly born of God
Who live in enmity.

3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
The cords of love our hearts should bind,
The law of love inflame.

4 So shall the vain contentious world
Our peaceful lives approve,
And wond'ring say, as they of old,
"See how these christians love!"

HYMN 204. S.M.

OUR heav'nly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both our friendship shall be sweet.
And our communion dear.

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2 God pities all our griefs,
He pardons ev'ry day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

3 How large his bounties are,
What various stores of good,
Diffus'd from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchas'd with his blood!

4 Jesus, our living head,
We bless thy faithful care!
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Forerunner there.

5 Here fix my roving heart,
Here wait my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

HYMN 205. C.M.

OUR Lord and Brother, who hath on
Such flesh as this we wear,
Before us into heav'n is gone,
To get us places there.

2 Captivity was captiv'd then,
And He doth from above
Send ghostly presents down to men,
For tokens of his love.

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3 Each door and everlasting gate,
To Him hath lifted been;
And in a glorious wise thereat
Our King is ent'red in.

4 Whom if to follow we regard,
With ease we safely may;
For He hath all the means prepar'd,
And made an open way.

5 Then follow, follow on apace,
And let us not forego
Our Captain, till we win the place
That He hath scal'd unto.

6 And for his honour, let our voice
A shout so hearty make,
The heav'ns may at our mirth rejoice,
And earth and hell may shake.

HYMN 206. C.M.

PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of bright'ning day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (Oh amazing love!)
He came to our relief.

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3 Down from his glorious seat above,
On love's swift wings He fled;
Himself He humbled to the grave,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh, for this love let rocks and hills
Their gloomy silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels, assist our feebler joys,
Strike all your harps of gold!
But, though you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN 207. S.M.

POUR down thy Spirit, Lord,
On all assembled here;
Let us receive th' engrafted word
With meekness and with fear.

2 Through Thee the soul receives
New life, though dead before;
And he who in thy Name believes,
Shall live to die no more.

3 Preserve thy pow'r alive
In those that love thy Name;
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

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4 Thy mercy first prevail'd
From death to set us free;
And often since our life had fail'd,
Unless renew'd by Thee.

5 To Thee we humbly bow,
To Thee for help we call;
Our life and resurrection Thou,
Our hope, our joy, our all.

HYMN 208. P.M.

PRAISE the Lord; ye heav'ns adore Him;
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him:
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.
Praise the Lord; for He hath spoken,
Worlds his mighty voice obey'd;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

2 Praise the Lord; for He is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail:
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high his pow'r proclaim;
Heav'n and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his Name.

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HYMN 209. P.M.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of ev'ry joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ!

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the joy which harvests bring,
Grateful praises now we sing.

3 Clouds that drop refreshing dews;
Suns that genial heat diffuse;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;

4 All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that lib'ral Autumn pours
From her overflowing stores;

5 These, Great God, to Thee we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise.

HYMN 210. C.M.

PRAISE ye the Lord, whose bounteous hand
Delights to do us good;
The teeming earth, at his command,
Yields all his creatures food.

2 He pours his blessings round our feet,
Through Christ, who intercedes;
And with the finest of the wheat
A sinful people feeds.

3 What shall we render to the Lord
For all his gifts below?
'Tis by obedience to his word
His praises we must show.

4 Let not thy favours prove our snare,
But lead, O Lord, to Thee!
May we of pride and sloth beware,
And from intemp'rance flee.

5 Now be thy praises loudly sung,
And sounded all abroad;
Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
Adore our gracious God.

HYMN 211. C.M.

REDEMPTION! Oh, the thrilling word!
It tells of joy in woe;
Of more than prophets saw or heard,
Of all that we can know.

2 Redemption! God's great charity
To man imprison'd long;
The world's reprieve; the sinner's plea;
And heaven's eternal song.

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3 Redemption! but—its countless cost!
It cost the blood of Him
Who spread the heav'ns, and rules the host
Of flaming seraphim.

4 Redemption! be its joy proclaimed
By men of ev'ry tongue;
Where Christ has never yet been nam'd,
Where Satan's pow'r is strong,

5 Redeemer! Thou who diedst for all!
Let all thy love adore;
Let Jew and heathen join to call
Thee Lord for evermore.

HYMN 212. P.M.

REJOICE, the Lord is King;
Your God and King adore;
Ye saints, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, rejoice, again rejoice!

2 Jesus Messiah reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above:
ift up your hearts, &c.

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3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell
To Christ our Lord are giv'n:
Lift up your hearts, &c.

4 Rejoice in glorious hope;
For Christ the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice!

HYMN 213. C.M.

REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of each revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their rounds
How short the days appear!

2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When God will all that men have done
In his just balance weigh.

3 Awake, O God! my trifling heart
Its great concern to see;
That I may act the christian part,
And give the year to Thee.

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4 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my ripen'd soul
To joy that never dies.

HYMN 214. C.M.

SALVATION! Oh, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm to ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 In sorrow buried, and in sin,
In death's thick gloom we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heav'nly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

HYMN 215. P.M.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound:—

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2 "Sons of Adam, (once in Eden,
"Where, like us, he blighted fell,)
"Hear the lesson we are reading;
"Mark the awful truth we tell:

3 "Youth, on length of days presuming,
"Who the paths of pleasure tread,
"View us, late in beauty blooming,
"Number'd now among the dead.

4 "Yearly in our course returning,
"Messengers of shortest stay;
"Thus we preach this truth concerning,
"Heaven and earth shall pass away."

5 On the tree of life eternal,
Oh let all our hopes be laid;
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

HYMN 216. C.M.

SHINE, mighty God, on Britain, shine,
With beams of heav'nly grace;
Reveal thy pow'r through all our coast,
And show thy gracious face.

2 Amid our isle, exalted high,
Do Thou our glory stand;
And, like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround our favour'd land.

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3 May God our Saviour scatter round
His choicest favours here,
And let creation's utmost bound
Behold, adore, and fear.

4 So let thy Name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad;
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN 217. P.M.

SHOUT, O Earth! from silence waking,
Tune with joy thy varied tongue;
Shout! as when from chaos breaking
Sweetly flow'd thy natal song:
Shout! for thy Creator's love
Sends redemption from above.

2 Downward from his star-pav'd dwelling
Comes the incarnate Son of God;
Countless voices thrilling, swelling,
Tell the triumphs of his blood:
Shout! He comes thy tribes to bless,
With his spotless righteousness.

3 See his glowing hand uplifted!
Clustering bounties drop around;
Rebels e'en are richly gifted;
Pardon, peace, and joy abound:
Shout, O Earth! and let thy song
Ring the vaulted heav'ns along!

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4 Call Him blessed! on thy mountains,
In thy wilds and citied plains;
Call Him blessed! where thy fountains
Speak in softly murmuring strains.
Let thy captives, let thy kings,
Join thy lyre of thousand strings!

5 Blessed Lord, and Lord of blessing!
Pour thy quick'ning gifts abroad;
Raptur'd tongues, thy love confessing,
Shall extol the living God:
Blessed, Blessed, Blessed Lord!
Heaven shall chant no other word!

HYMN 218. C.M.

SING we the song of those who stand
Around th' eternal throne,
Of ev'ry kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and his flock appear
One Shepherd and one fold.

3 Toil, trial, suff'ring still await
On earth the pilgrim-throng;
Yet learn we in our low estate,
The Church triumphant's song.

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4 "Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,"
Cry the redeem'd above;
Blessing and honour to obtain,
And everlasting love.

5 "Worthy the Lamb," on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save;
Henceforth, O Death! where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave?

6 Then, hallelujah! pow'r and praise
To God in Christ be giv'n;
May all who now this anthem raise,
Renew the strain in heav'n!

HYMN 219. L.M.

SIX days, O Lord, the world to make,
And set all creatures in array,
Was all the leisure Thou wouldst take,
And then didst rest the seventh day.

2 That day Thou therefore hallow'd hast;
And rightly, by a law divine,
Which till the end of time shall last,
The seventh part of time is thine.

3 Then teach us willingly to give
The tribute of our days to Thee;
By whom we now both move and live,
And have attained to what we be.

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4 O therefore let us not consent
To rob Thee of thy Sabbath-day;
Nor rest with carnal rest content,
But sanctify it all we may.

5 Yea, grant that we from sinful strife,
And all those works Thou dost detest,
May keep a sabbath all our life,
And enter thy eternal rest.

HYMN 220. S.M.

SOLDIERS of Christ! arise,
And put your armour on!
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his Eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty pow'r;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endu'd:
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

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HYMN 221. P.M.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heav'n with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heav'n and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heav'ns and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No: the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their pow'rs employ.

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HYMN 222. P.M.

SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected Star!
Star of truth, that gilds the night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.

2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death;
Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night;
Kindling darkness into light.

3 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your God appear;
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,
Meet Him manifested there.

4 There behold the Day-Spring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day!

5 Sing, ye morning stars, again!
God descends on earth to reign;
God in mercy leaves the sky:
Shout, ye sons of God, on high!

HYMN 223. P.M.

SPOUSE of Christ, to whom 'tis given,
For thy Lord to strive and die,
Chant aloud the song of heaven,
Sing the triumph of the sky.

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2 Let this festive day combining
Saints below with saints above,
Hear them all their voices joining,
Fraught with melody and love.

3 See the faithful, all collected,
Happy in their bless'd abode,
Who the world's vain joys rejected
For their Saviour and their God.

4 All with joy their voices rearing,
Glory to their God proclaim,
His thrice-mighty pow'r declaring,
Praising his thrice-holy Name.

5 Happy saints, with ev'ry blessing,
Ev'ry joy your God can give,
Oh! may we, such peace possessing,
Now in holy union live!

6 May we ever walk before Him
Here on earth in faithful love;
May we see Him, and adore Him,
After death in realms above!

HYMN 224. L.M.

SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love!
So shed thy influence from above;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day!

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2 In ev'ry clime, by ev'ry tongue,
Be God's amazing glory sung;
Still may the Church thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love!

3 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'n and earth adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore!

HYMN 225. S.M.

STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy Name,
And laud and magnify?

3 Oh for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heav'n our thought!

4 There with benign regard
Our hymns He deigns to hear;
Though unreveal'd to mortal sense,
The spirit feels Him near.

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5 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd
With all our ransom'd pow'rs.

6 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious Name,
Henceforth for evermore.

HYMN 226. P.M.

SWEET are waters freshly flowing
In a weary land;
When to fainting travellers showing
All they crave at hand:
Sweeter, Lord, thy word of grace,
When the anguished heart can trace
There its solace, and embrace
All its griefs demand.

2 How the barren desert brightens,
And with fruitage teems;
When the eye, thy grace enlightens,
Sees the living streams.
Tranquil now the soul's repose;
High and true the hope it knows;
Fair its visions as the rose
In the morning beams.

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3 Fairer still shall be the heaven
Soon to be descried;
Sweeter joys shall yet be given;
Lovelier scenes espied.
Lord, till every ear hath heard,
Every heart to praise be stirr'd,
Spread the tidings of thy word
Wide—as ocean wide!

HYMN 227. C.M.

THAT favour, Lord, which of thy grace,
We do receive to-day,
Is greater than our merit was,
And more than praise we may.

2 Yet we not only have obtain'd
This world's best gifts of Thee;
But Thou thy flesh hast also deign'd
Our food of life to be.

3 For which, since we no mends can make,
And Thou requir'st no more,
The cup of saving health we take,
And praise thy Name therefore.

4 Our christian love shall that supply
Which we in knowledge miss;
And humble thoughts shall mount us h
E'en to eternal bliss.

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5 Love brought us hither; and that love
Persuades us to implore,
That Thou all christian hearts would move
To seek it more and more.

6 That they with us, and we with them,
May christian peace retain,
And both in new Jerusalem
With Thee for ever reign.

HYMN 228. P.M.

THAT so thy blessed birth, O Christ,
Might through the world be spread about,
Thy star appeared in the east,
Whereby the Gentiles found Thee out;
And off'ring Thee myrrh, incense, gold,
Thy threefold office did unfold.

2 Sweet Jesus, let that star of thine,
Thy grace, which guides to find out Thee,
Within our hearts for ever shine,
That Thou of us found out mays't be:
And Thou shalt be our King therefore,
Our Priest and Prophet evermore.

3 Tears that from true repentance drop,
Instead of myrrh, present will we;
For incense, we will offer up
Our pray'rs and praises unto Thee;
And bring for gold each pious deed,
Which doth from saving faith proceed.

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4 And as those wise men never went,
To visit Herod any more;
So, finding Thee, we will repent
Our courses follow'd heretofore;
And, that we homeward may retire,
The way by Thee we will inquire.

HYMN 229. P.M.

THE festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy hallow'd dome,
Thy presence to adore;
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend.
And tread the sacred floor.

2 And lo! to my enraptur'd eyes
The heav'n-built tow'rs of Salem rise;
By faith, with glad survey,
I view her mansions, that contain
Th' angelic forms, an awful train,
And shine with cloudless day.

3 Thither from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeem'd of God ascend,
Their tribute thither bring;
There, crown'd with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues empl-
And hail th' immortal King.

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4 O blest abode! may I behold
My name among thy saints enroll'd,
In Thee for ever dwell!
There, Charity, my steps attend,
My sole companion and my friend,
And, Faith and Hope, farewell!

HYMN 230. S.M.

THE great Jehovah reigns
Above the lofty skies;
And, from his own eternity,
The wastes of nature spies.

2 This great Jehovah's mine!
The saint in rapture cries:
And to this everlasting Rock
My joyful spirit flies.

3 From this eternal spring
A full salvation flows;
And, with the wonders of his love,
My grateful bosom glows.

4 His Name shall be my song,
While life and breath are giv'n;
And his unceasing praise resound
Eternally in heav'n.

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HYMN 231. C.M.

THE head that once was crown'd with thorns,
Is crown'd with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heav'n affords
Is his, is his, by right;
"The King of kings, and Lord of Lords,"
And heav'n's eternal light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below;
To whom He manifests his love,
And grants his Name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is giv'n;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heav'n.

5 The cross He bore is life and health,
Tho' shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

HYMN 232. S.M.

THE law by Moses came,
But peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by Christ (a nobler Nam
Descending from above.

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2 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house He stands,
The Sov'reign and the Head.

3 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold! how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.

4 But greater vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

5 May we obey his call,
And lay an humble claim
To the salvation He has brought,
And love and praise his Name.

HYMN 233. C.M.

THE law on Sinai's fiery height,
'Mid thunderings was giv'n:
The lightning-flash, the trumpet-clang,
Bespoke the God of heav'n.

2 But now a veil of human flesh
Around his brightness thrown,
Our God in milder beams array'd,
To favour'd man is shown.

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3 The stone-writ law no strength could give,
Its precepts to fulfil:
The gospel-law converts the heart,
And sanctifies the will.

4 Eternal God, within the veil
Of human flesh confin'd;
Oh! may thy truth its beams unfold
To ev'ry faithful mind!

5 Redeemer of the world, to Thee
All glory we afford;
The Father and the Holy Ghost
Be equally ador'd.

HYMN 234. C.M.

THE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near; [love,
While pow'r, and truth, and boundless
Display their glories here.

2 Here, in thy gospel's wondrous frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy Name,
Beyond whate'er they knew.

3 Thy Name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wisdom here we trace;
Wisdom thro' all the myst'ry shines,
And shines in Jesu's face.

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4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And thy avenging justice shows
Its honours in his blood.

5 But, still, the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
The whole scene gilds with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

HYMN 235. C.M.

THE Lord, from his exalted throne,
In majesty array'd,
With melting pity deigns to look
On all who seek his aid.

2 When touch'd with penitent remorse,
Our follies past we mourn;
Oh with what tenderness of love
He meets our first return!

3 From heav'n He sent his only Son,
To ransom us with blood;
To snatch us from the burning pit,
When on its brink we stood.

4 From death and hell He leads us up,
Delightful is the way;
And bright the beams of endless life
Which all our path display.

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5 Great God! we wonder and adore,—
And, to exalt such grace
We long to learn the songs of heav'n,
Ere yet we reach the place.

HYMN 236. C.M.

THE Lord into his vineyard comes
Our various fruit to see;
His eye, more piercing than the light,
Examines ev'ry tree.

2 Ye sinners, tremble at his frown,
If barren still ye stand;
And fear that keenly-wounding axe,
Which arms his awful hand.

3 Close to the root behold it laid,
To make destruction sure:
Who can resist the mighty stroke?
Or who the fire endure?

4 Succeeding years thy patience waits;
Nor let it wait in vain;
Lord! form in us abundant fruit,
And still this fruit maintain.

HYMN 237. C.M.

THE saints on earth and those above
But one communion make;
Join'd to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.

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2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow:
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 Lo! thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.

5 Lord Jesus, be our constant guide!
Then, when the word is giv'n,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heav'n.

HYMN 238. C.M.

THE solemn season calls us now
A holy fast to keep:
And see within the temple how
Both priest and people weep.

2 But come not thou with tears alone,
Or outward form of pray'r;
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.

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3 Thy breast to beat, thy clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee;
Thy stubborn soul He bids thee bend
In true humility.

4 O! let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to Him to grant relief,
And stay th' uplifted rod.

5 O righteous Judge, if Thou wilt deign
To grant us all we need,
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

6 Blest Three in One, with grief sincere,
To Thee we humbly pray,
That fruits of mercy may appear
To bless this fasting-day.

HYMN 239. C.M.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar,
Who follows in his train?

2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train!

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3 The martyr first, whose eagle-eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And call'd on Him to save.

4 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong!
Who follows in his train?

5 A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light array'd.

6 They climb'd the steep ascent of heav'n,
Through peril, toil, and pain!
O God! to us may grace be giv'n
To follow in their train!

HYMN 240. C.M.

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.

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3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine,
With beams of heav'nly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love;
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

HYMN 241. C.M.

THE Sun of Righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more;
The light which scatters all your fears;
Your rising God adore!

2 The saints, when He resign'd his breath,
Unclos'd their sleeping eyes;
He breaks again the bands of death,
Again the dead arise.

3 Alone the dreadful race He ran,
Alone the wine-press trod;
He groans—He dies—behold the Man!
He lives, behold the God!

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4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Forbid an early rise
To Him, who breaks the gates of hell,
And opens paradise.

5 Arise, O Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in thy wing,
Our souls with life and pardon bless,
And full salvation bring.

HYMN 242. C.M.

THE voice of him who cries aloud
Is heard on Judah's waste;
And soon a sinful sorrowing crowd
Around the Baptist haste.

2 And see, as they assemble thus,
The spotless Lamb draws nigh;
The Lamb, who gave Himself for us,
To suffer and to die.

3 John's mind, with heav'nly light supplied,
The Source of light could see:
"I need thy washing, Lord," he cried;
"And comest Thou to me?"

4 But e'en though thus self-humbled, still
His word must be obey'd:
He must in ev'ry point fulfil
The law Himself hath made.

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5 Herald of Christ, at length thine eyes
The Mightier One have seen:
'Tis thine with water to baptize,
'Tis his with fire to clean.

6 Praise to the Son, through whom alone
Our stains of guilt are lost;
Like praise be to the Father done,
And to the Holy Ghost.

HYMN 243. L.M.

THE Word, who dwelt above the skies
With God before the world began,
Now on the Virgin's bosom lies,
A helpless new-born Child of man.

2 Already on his sinless head
The streams of wrath begin to flow;
Already on his infant bed
The taste of grief the Lord must know.

3 The lowliest poverty He bears,
That we may be with wealth supplied:
He weeps, and by his precious tears
A guilty world is purified.

4 A simple dress, a mean abode,
A life obscure his glory hide:
Proud man, behold thy lowly God,
And let the sight destroy thy pride.

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5 O Thou who camest from the sky
To be the Lamb for sinners slain;
Thou wilt not leave thy saints to die,
Nor let such toil be spent in vain.

HYMN 244. C.M.

THEE we adore, Eternal Name!
And own with humble pray'r,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we are.

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and hours increase;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell
Leaves the remainder less.

3 Nearer to endless joy or woe
We're brought by ev'ry breath;
And yet, how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

4 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And, if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

HYMN 245. C.M.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

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2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain, in his day;
And there would I, defiled as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be sav'd to sin no more.

4 E're since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save,
When this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

HYMN 246. C.M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Where endless day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flow'rs;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

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3 Ah, why should faithful pilgrims shrink
To cross this narrow sea?
Why linger, trembling on the brink,
And fear to launch away?

4 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Our fearful doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes!

5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er!
Not Jordan's stream, not death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 247. C.M.

THERE is a way that leads to death,
A way that many go,
In spite of all that Wisdom saith,
In spite of future woe.

2 Another way there likewise is
That leads to joy above;
But few, alas, will travel this,
'Tis not the way they love.

3 How blest are they whose feet are found
In wisdom's sacred way;
They soon shall reach the happy ground,
And there for ever stay:

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4 Where sorrow ends in purest joys,
Where no complaint remains;
Where hope before its object dies,
And love triumphant reigns.

HYMN 248. P.M.

THERE was joy in heaven!
There was joy in heaven!
When this goodly world to frame
The Lord of might and mercy came:
Shouts of joy were heard on high,
And the stars sang from the sky,
"Glory to God in heav'n!"

2 There was joy in heaven!
There was joy in heaven!
When the billows, heaving dark,
Sank around the stranded ark,
And the rainbow's watery span
Spake of mercy, hope to man,
And peace with God in heav'n!

3 There was joy in heaven!
There was joy in heaven!
When of love the midnight beam
Dawn'd on the tow'rs of Bethlehem;
And along the echoing hill,
Angels sang—"On earth good will,
"And glory in the heav'n!

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4 There is joy in heaven!
There is joy in heaven!
When the sheep that went astray
Turns again to virtue's way;
When the soul, by grace subdu'd,
Sobs its pray'r of gratitude,
Then is there joy in heav'n!

HYMN 249. C.M.

THIS is the day the light was made,
That glorious gift of heav'n;
This is the day the Lord arose,
The best of all the sev'n.

2 This is the day the darkness fled,
And death to life gave way;
And evermore to light and life
God calls his saints this day.

3 Then wake, ye children of the light,
And hearken to his voice;
With early songs of praise draw nigh,
And in his courts rejoice.

4 Let carnal sloth and faithless fear
From ev'ry heart be driv'n;
Spend we this day, as they that hope
To spend the rest in heav'n.

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5 So shall our souls, most holy God,
Thy gracious influence prove;
Enlighten'd by thy holy word,
And quicken'd by thy love.

6 Praise to the Father and the Son;
And, Oh, like praise be thine,
Blest Spirit, who our souls dost fill
With light and life divine.

HYMN 250. C.M.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
Let young and old rejoice;
To Him be vows and homage paid,
Whose service is our choice.

2 This is the temple of the Lord,
How dreadful is this place;
With meekness let us hear his word,
With rev'rence seek his face.

3 This is the homage He requires,
The voice of praise and pray'r,
The soul's affections, hopes, desires,
Ourselves and all we are.

4 While rich and poor for mercy call,
Propitious from the skies,
The Lord, the Maker of them all,
Accepts the sacrifice.

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5 Well pleas'd, through Jesus Christ his Son,
From sin He grants release;
According to their faith 'tis done,
He bids them go in peace.

HYMN 251. C.M.

THIS is the day the Lord of life
Ascended to the skies;
My thoughts! pursue the lofty theme,
And to the heav'ns arise.

2 Let no vain cares divert my mind
From this celestial road;
Nor all the honours of the earth
Detain my soul from God.

3 Think of the splendours of that place,
The joys that are on high;
Nor meanly rest contented here
With worlds beneath the sky.

4 Heav'n is the birth-place of the saints,
To heav'n their souls ascend;
Th' Almighty owns his fav'rite race,
Their Father and their Friend.

5 Oh! may these lovely titles prove,
My comfort and defence,
When the sick couch shall be my lot,
And death shall call me hence.

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HYMN 252. C.M.

THOU art the Way: to Thee alone,
From sin and death, we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, through Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conq'ring arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

HYMN 253. C.M.

THOU boundless Source of ev'ry good,
Our best desires fulfil;
And help us to adore thy grace,
And mark thy sov'reign will!

2 In all thy mercies may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see;
Nor let the gifts thy hand imparts
Estrange our hearts from Thee!

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3 In ev'ry changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind,
A mind at peace with Thee!

4 Do Thou direct our steps aright;
Help us thy Name to fear;
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere!

5 Then may we close our eyes in death,
Free from distracting care;
For death is life, and labour rest,
If Thou art with us there.

HYMN 254. S.M.

THOU Comforter divine,
Let thy bright rays of love,
Amidst our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above!

2 By thine inspiring breath
Make ev'ry cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear!

3 O fill Thou ev'ry heart
With love to all our race:
Great Comforter, to us impart
The fulness of thy grace!

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HYMN 255. C.M.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of Thee;
No music like thy charming Name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O let us ever hear thy voice
In mercy to us speak;
Let us, in Thee, our Priest, rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.

3 Jesus shall still be all our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing of Jesu's holy Name,
When all things else decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the favour'd throng;
Our notes shall be more swéet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song!

HYMN 256. P.M.

THOU dost from ev'ry season, Lord,
To profit us advantage take,
And at their fittest times afford
Thy blessings for thy mercies' sake:
At winter, summer, fall, or spring,
We furnish'd are of ev'ry thing.

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2 And since thy holy Church appoints
These times thy workmen forth to send,
And those for pastors now anoints,
Who in thy fold are to attend;
Bless Thou, where they, who should ordain
With pray'r and fasting, hands have lain.

3 O bless them, ever blessed Lord,
Whom for thy work the Church doth choose;
Instruct them by thy sacred word,
And with thy Spirit them infuse;
That live and teach aright they may,
And we their teaching well obey.

HYMN 257. C.M.

THOU, God, all glory, honour, pow'r,
Art worthy to receive;
For all things by thy pow'r were made,
And by thy bounty live.

2 And worthy is the Lamb, all pow'r,
Honour and wealth to gain,
Glory and strength, who for our sins
A sacrifice was slain.

3 All worthy Thou, who hast redeem'd
And ransom'd us to God;
From ev'ry nation, ev'ry coast,
By thy most precious blood,

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4 Blessing and honour, glory, pow'r,
By all in earth and heav'n,
To Him that sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb, be giv'n.

HYMN 258. P.M.

THOU God of pow'r and God of love,
Whose glory fills the realms above,
Whose praise archangels sing;
And veil their faces while they cry,
"Thrice Holy!" to their God most high,
"Thrice Holy!" to their King:

2 Thee as our God we, too, would claim,
And bless and praise the Saviour's Name,
Through whom thy grace is giv'n;
Who bore the curse to sinners due,
Who forms their ruin'd souls anew,
And makes them heirs of heav'n.

3 The veil that hides thy glory, rend;
And here in saving pow'r descend,
And fix thy blest abode;
Here to each heart Thyself reveal,
And all who enter cause to feel
The presence of our God.

HYMN 259. S.M.

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all must soon appear.

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2 Our anxious souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray;

3 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When rob'd in majesty and power
Thou shalt from heav'n come down!

4 Oh may we all be found
Obedient to thy word,
Expect the final trumpet's sound,
And haste to meet our Lord!

5 Our Judge, Redeemer, Friend,
O fit us for the blest;
And let a watchful moment end
In everlasting rest!

HYMN 260. P.M.

THOU! whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight:
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And where the gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light!"

2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing, and sight;

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Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O, now to all mankind
"Let there be light!"

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving Holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight:
Move on the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place,
"Let there be light!"

4 Blessed and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom and might!
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride
Through the world far and wide,
"Let there be light!"

HYMN 261. C.M.

THOUGH trouble springs not from the dust,
Nor sorrow from the ground,
Yet ills on ills, by heav'n's decree,
In man's estate are found.

2 As sparks in close succession rise,
So man, the child of woe,
Is doom'd to endless cares and toils,
Through all his life below.

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3 But with my God I leave my cause,
From Him I seek relief;
To Him, in confidence of prayer,
Unbosom all my grief.

4 Unnumber'd are his wondrous works,
Unsearchable his ways:
'Tis his the mourning soul to cheer,
The bowed down to raise.

HYMN 262. C.M.

THY throne, O God! in righteousness
For ever shall endure;
We bow before it; deign to bless
The children of the poor.

2 Thy wisdom fix'd our lowly birth,
Yet we thy goodness share;
Still make us, while we dwell on earth,
The children of thy care.

3 Thou art our Shepherd, glorious God!
Thy little flock behold!
And guide us by thy staff and rod,
The children of thy fold.

4 We praise thy Name, that we are brought
To this thy holy place;
That we are watch'd and warn'd, and taught
The children of thy grace.

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5 Oh may our benefactors here
Be recompens'd above;
And they and we in heav'n appear,
The children of thy love.

HYMN 263. C.M.

TO God be glory, peace on earth,
To all mankind good will;
We bless, we praise, we worship Thee,
And glorify Thee still.

2 And thanks for thy great glory give,
That fills our souls with light;
O Lord! God! heav'nly King! the God
And Father of all might.

3 And Thou, begotten Son of God,
Before all time begun;
O Jesus Christ! God! Lamb of God!
The Father's only Son!

4 Have mercy, Thou that tak'st the sins
Of all the world away!
Have mercy, Saviour of mankind,
And hear us when we pray!

HYMN 264. P.M.

TO God the Father yield
Immortal praise and love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:

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He sent his own Eternal Son
To die for man by sin undone.

2 To God th' Eternal Son
Let praise immortal flow,
Who bought us with his blood,
From everlasting woe.
And now on high He lives and reigns,
And sees the fruits of all his pains.

3 To God the Holy Ghost
Immortal honours give,
Whose new-creating pow'r
Can make dead sinners live.
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

5 Immortal praise to Thee,
O Father! Spirit! Son!
The sacred Persons Three,
The Pow'r and Godhead One!
Where Reason fails, with all her pow'rs,
There Faith prevails, and Love adores.

HYMN 265. C.M.

TO God our Saviour and our King,
Let saints their voices raise;
The people of the Lord should sing,
He accepts their praise.

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2 On yonder throne, exalted high,
He reigns, his people's Head;
He knows their wants, He hears their cry,
And gives them all they need.

3 The Name He bears is pow'r and love;
'Tis wisdom, truth, and grace;
'Tis all that angels know above,
Who see "with open face."

4 Let everlasting praise be his,
Whose life for us was giv'n;
His Name the greatest, sweetest is,
Of all in earth and heav'n.

HYMN 266. S.M.

TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints, below the skies,
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his Almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Which keep us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present his saints,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

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4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our redeeming God
Wisdom and pow'r belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And an eternal song.

HYMN 267. S.M.

TO praise our Shepherd's care,
His wisdom, love, and might,
Your loudest, loftiest songs prepare,
And bid the world unite!

2 Supremely good and great,
He tends his blood-bought fold;
He stoops, tho' thron'd in highest state,
The feeblest to uphold.

3 He hears their softest plaint;
He sees them when they roam;
And if his meanest lamb should faint,
His bosom bears it home.

4 Kind Shepherd of the sheep!
A weakly flock are we;
And snares and foes are nigh; but keep
The lambs who look to Thee.

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5 And if through death's dark vale
Our feet should early tread,
Oh may we reach thy fold, and hail
The love which us has led!

HYMN 268. C.M.

TO Thee we come, our God to Thee,
We come to seek thy face;
Before thy throne thy people see,
Before thy throne of grace.

2 We bring thy promise, and we plead
Thy mercy and thy Name;
To our petitions, Lord, give heed,
And put us not to shame.

3 Subdue the foes that are within,
Our mighty foes subdue;
O break in us the pow'r of sin,
And make us, Lord, anew.

4 In us thy pleasure, Lord, fulfil,
The work of faith and pow'r,
That we may come and do thy will,
Nor leave Thee from this hour.

HYMN 269. C.M.

TO thy apostles Thou hast taught
What they, O Christ, should do;
And those things which believe they ought
Of Thee they learned too.

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2 And that which Thou to them hast shown
Hath been disposed thus;
They unto others made it known,
And those have told it us.

3 With them we do confess and say
What shall not be denied;
Thou art the Truth, the Life, the Way,
And we in Thee will bide.

4 By Thee the Father we have known,
Whom Thou descendest from;
And unto Him by Thee alone,
We have our hope to come.

5 Of Thee, O Lord, we therefore crave,
Which Thou wilt deign, we know;
The good belief which now we have
We never may forego.

6 And that thy sacred truth, which we
Thy word have learned from,
From age to age deriv'd may be,
Until thy kingdom come.

HYMN 270. C.M.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of ev'ry evil heart:
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart!

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2 If right or left we thoughtless stray,
Show pity to thy sheep;
Bring back our feet into the way,
And there thy wand'rers keep.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's burden bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
To soothe his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up;
Help us ourselves to prove;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love!

5 Complete at length thy work of grace,
And take us to thy rest,
Among thy saints, who see thy face,
To be for ever blest!

HYMN 271. P.M.

TUNE ev'ry heart, wake ev'ry tongue,
Be ev'ry thought and feeling strung,
To swell a joyful hymn of praise;
Oh! for the golden harps of heav'n,
The strains to mortals never giv'n,
The melody that angels raise.

2 Bring now our grateful numbers, bring,
Sweeter, and yet more sweetly sing;—
"O Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord,

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" Heav'n and earth are full of Thee,
" Full of thy glorious Majesty,—
" Be Thou eternally ador'd."

3 Lord, let thy mighty Spirit stir
The soul of ev'ry worshipper,
In ev'ry breast enshrine thy love;
In all our actions let it glow,
Bright'ning at ev'ry step below,
Until it blaze full orb'd above.

HYMN 272. P.M.

VOUCHSAFE, Almighty Lord,
To ev'ry heart thy grace,
That there thy sacred word
May find a fruitful place!
May we who in this temple meet
In heav'n surround thy mercy-seat!

HYMN 273. P.M.

WE all, like sheep, have gone astray,
And turn'd aside from wisdom's way;
But Christ hath sav'd us from our sin,
Our God the Ransom-Lamb hath been,
Our God hath sav'd us from our sin!

O let us cast each vice away,
Which thus the Son of God could slay!

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With contrite heart, and weeping eye,
Behold the Saviour's cross on high,
And ev'ry sin and folly fly!

3 So may we join the song of love,
Which saints and angels sing above;
All honour, glory, praise to Thee,
Which wert, and art, and art to be,
The Lamb slain from eternity!

HYMN 274. C.M.

WE ask not, Lord, for streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below:

2 We ask not honours, which an hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and pow'r,
Lest we should go astray:

3 We ask for wisdom: Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before Thee give.

HYMN 275. S.M.

WE know Emmanuel's Name;
Our hearts have lov'd it long;
Our dying sires bequeath'd his fame
To be their children's song.

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2 They call'd on Him to bless;
They kept the narrow way;
They struggled through this wilderness
To reach the land of day.

3 Was it their arm that gave
The entrance and the crown,
That snatch'd the vict'ry from the grave,
And beat the tempter down?

4 No. 'twas his dying love,
His Spirit freely giv'n,
His eye that watch'd them from above,
His hand that open'd heav'n.

HYMN 276. C.M.

WE lift, O Christ, our souls to Thee,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe;
And let these little infants be
Baptiz'd into thy death!

2 O let thy Spirit on them rest!
Thy grace their souls renew;
And write within each tender breast
Thy Name and nature too.

3 Lord, if thou lengthen out their race,
Continue still thy care;
And, shouldst thou quickly end their days,
Their place with Thee prepare!

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4 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
That we thy life may prove:
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above!

HYMN 277. L.M.

WHAT are those soul-reviving strains,
Which echo thus from Salem's plains?
What anthems loud, and louder still,
So sweetly sound from Zion's hill?
Hosanna, Hosanna, Amen!

2 Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings,
Hosanna to the King of kings:
The Saviour comes! and babes proclaim
Salvation sent in Jesu's Name.
Hosanna, Hosanna, Amen!

3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
For we will join this song of praise;
Still Israel's children forward press
To hail the Lord their righteousness.
Hosanna, Hosanna, Amen!

4 Messiah's Name shall joy impart
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart:
He bled for us—He bled for you,
And we shall sing Hosanna too.
Hosanna, Hosanna, Amen!

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5 Proclaim hosannas loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear!
All praise on earth to Him be giv'n,
And glory shout through highest heav'n!
Hosanna, Hosanna, Amen!

HYMN 278. C.M.

WHAT feeble instruments, O Lord,
Fulfil thy wondrous plan;
How mean the channels that convey
Thy grace to sinful man!

2 How frail the vessels that contain
Thy rays of light divine!
And yet that grace, how rich it flows,
Those rays, how fair they shine!

3 The Name of Jesus works the charm,
And lays hell's bulwarks low;
So fell, at Isr'el's trump alone,
The walls of Isr'els foe.

4 O Jesu, may that Name inspire
Our hearts with holy love;
And may those rays of grace divine
Our night of sin remove.

5 And now to God, the Three in One,
Be praise and glory giv'n;
Who calleth us from sin's dark night
To share the beams of heav'n.

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HYMN 279. C.M.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise,

2 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

3 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran;
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

5 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN 280. P.M.

WHEN Christ was risen from the dead,
And Thomas of the same was told,
He would not credit it, he said,
Though he himself should Him beho'

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Till he his wounded hands had eyed,
And thrust his fingers in his side.

2 Which trial he did undertake,
And Christ his frailty did permit,
By his distrusting sure to make
Such others as might doubt of it:
So we had right, and he no wrong,
For by his weakness both are strong.

3 O blessed God, how wise Thou art!
And how confoundest Thou thy foes!
Who their temptations dost convert,
To work those ends which they oppose:
When Satan seeks our faith to shake,
The firmer he the same doth make.

4 Thus whatsoe'er he tempts us to,
His disadvantage let it be;
Yea, make those very sins we do,
The means to bring us nearer Thee:
Yet let us not to ill consent,
Though colour'd with a good intent.

HYMN 281. C.M.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

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2 Should earth against my soul engage
And hell's fierce darts be hurl'd;
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like wildest billows, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!

5 With Jesus there my weary soul
Shall find eternal rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 282. L.M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
The earthly things, that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

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4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an off'ring far too small;
Love so amazing, Lord, as thine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

HYMN 283. C.M.

WHEN Israel, by divine command,
The pathless desert trod,
They found, through all the dreary land,
A sure resource in God.

2 Like them, we have a rest in view,
Secure from adverse pow'rs;
Like them, we pass a desert too;
But Israel's God is our's:

3 His word a light before us spreads,
By which our path to see;
His love, a banner o'er our heads,
From harm preserves us free.

4 Lord, 'tis enough; we ask no more,
While on to heav'n we move,
Than to recount thy mercies o'er,
And sing thy boundless love!

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HYMN 284. C.M.

WHEN Jesus to Jerusalem,
And there to suffer rode,
The people all the way for Him
With palm and garments strew'd.

2 And though He did full meekly ride,
And poorly on an ass,
Hosanna! to the King they cried,
As He along did pass.

3 His glory and his royal might,
E'en by a pow'r divine,
As if in worldly pomp's despite,
Through poverty did shine.

4 And though the greater sort did frown,
He exercis'd his pow'r,
Till He Himself did lay it down,
At his appointed hour.

5 Lord, when to us Thou drawest nigh,
Instruct us Thee to know,
And to receive Thee joyfully,
How mean soe'er in show.

6 Yea, though the rich and worldly wise,
When we thy praises sing,
Both Thee and us therefore despise,
Be Thou approv'd our King.

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HYMN 285. C.M.

WHEN musing sorrow counts the past,
And mourns the present pain,
How sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain!

2 'Tis not that murm'ring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And will not suffer still.

3 It is that heav'n-taught faith surveys
The path to realms of light,
And longs her eagle-plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

4 It is that hope with ardour glows
To see Him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.

5 It is that conscience, while she feels
The pangs of struggling sin,
Sees yet, by faith, the hand that heals,
And ends the war within.

6 Oh let me wing my holy flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar above those clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share!

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HYMN 286. C.M.

WHEN poison, spreading through the veins,
Made Isr'el mourn for sin;
Eternal mercy eased their pains,
And heal'd the grief within.

2 A brazen serpent high was rais'd,
Salvation to procure;
The wounded look'd, the living prais'd,
The dying found a cure.

3 And those who feel a deadly sting,
And mourn their follies past,
May now their sins and sorrows bring,
And free salvation taste.

4 See Jesus crucified and slain,
Behold Him rais'd on high!
To look will save from endless pain,
O look and never die!

HYMN 287. P.M.

WHEN the world my heart is rending
With its heaviest storm of care,
My glad thoughts, to God ascending,
Find a refuge from despair.
There's a hand of mercy near me,
Though the waves of trouble roar;
There's an hour of rest to cheer me,
When the toils of life are o'er.

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2 Oh! to rest in peace for ever,
Join'd with happy souls above,
Where no foe my heart can sever
From the Saviour whom I love!
This the hope that shall sustain me
Till life's pilgrimage be past:
Fears may vex, and troubles pain me:
I shall reach my home at last.

HYMN 288. C.M.

WHENCE those triumphant bursts of joy,
Whose sound through heav'n rings?
They welcome Jesus to the sky,
And crown Him King of kings.

2 At sight of Him yon seraphs bright,
Exulting, clap their wings;
They hail their Lord with new delight,
And crown Him King of kings.

3 Look up, ye saints, and, while ye gaze,
Forget all earthly things;
Unite to sing the Saviour's praise,
And crown Him King of kings.

4 While here, He bore our sin and shame,
From this our comfort springs;
'Tis meet we should exalt his Name,
And crown Him King of kings.

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5 We hope, ere long, beyond those clouds,
To tune celestial strings,
And join, with heav'n's exulting crowds,
To crown Him King of kings.

HYMN 289. L.M.

WHERE high the heav'nly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Patron of mankind appears.

2 He, who for men in mercy stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Pursues, in heaven, his plan of grace,
The Guardian of the human race.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye:
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathises in our grief,
And sends the suff'rer kind relief.

5 With boldness therefore at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aid of heav'nly pow'r,
To help us in the trying hour!

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HYMN 290. C.M.

WHILE through this changing world we roam,
From infancy to age,
Heav'n is the christian pilgrim's home,
His rest at ev'ry stage.

2 Thither his raptur'd thought ascends,
Eternal joys to share;
There his adoring Spirit bends,
While here he kneels in pray'r.

3 From earth his freed affections rise,
To fix on things above,
Where all his hope of glory lies,
And love is perfect love.

4 Ah! there may we our treasure place,
There let our hearts be found,
That still, were sin abounded, grace
May more and more abound.

5 Henceforth our conversation be
With Christ before the throne:
Ere long we eye to eye shall see,
And know as we are known.

HYMN 291. C.M.

WHY should we grieve for those that die
In Jesus, and are blest?
Their happy spirits upwards fly
To their eternal rest.

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2 They joyful quit this vale of tears;
They reach the peaceful shore,
Where sorrow, sin, and painful fears,
Shall vex their souls no more.

3 The wonders of redeeming grace
Triumphantly they sing,
And see unveil'd the shining face
Of their exalted King.

4 When shall we quit this house of clay,
And fly from ev'ry care?
Our spirits long to soar away,
And meet our kindred there.

HYMN 292. P.M.

WIDELY, 'midst the slumb'ring nations,
Darkness holds his despot-sway;
Cruel in his habitations,
Ruthless o'er his prostrate prey.
Star of Bethlehem,
Rise and beam in conq'ring day!

2 Light of Life, our sole Defender,
Rise, with healing on thy wing:
Rise, in all thy soothing splendour;
Rise, and earth with joy shall sing!
Israel's Glory,
Gentiles call Thee "Lord and King!"

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3 Christians, haste! the morn is breaking;
Darkness wheels his downward flight;
But, your polish'd armour taking,
Stand! nor quit the waning fight.
Great Redeemer,
Guard us with thy shield of light!

4 Onward, christians, onward pressing,
Triumph in the Crucified!
Endless honour, rest, and blessing,
Wait you at his radiant side.
Cease not, cease not,
Till you see Him glorified!

HYMN 293. S.M.

WITH beams of heav'nly grace,
The bless'd Redeemer came;
He is the Sun of Righteousness
To those that fear his Name.

2 'Tis his celestial light
That shines from pole to pole;
'Tis He dispels the gloomy night
That overwhelms the soul.

3 When we are in distress,
From Him our comfort springs;
He, as the Sun of Righteousness,
Has healing in his wings.

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4 When clouds of guilt arise
To intercept the light,
And hide the Saviour from our eyes,
How gloomy is the night!

5 Oh may his rays divine
Enlighten all our way;
Till we in his blest image shine
In everlasting day!

HYMN 294. P.M.

WITH Isr'el we may truly say,
If on our side God had not been,
Our foes had made of us their prey,
And we this light had never seen:
The means of help were not our own,
But from the Lord they came alone.

2 Unto his honour let us sing,
And stories of his mercy tell;
With praises let his temples ring,
And on our lips thanksgiving dwell:
Yea, let us not his love forget
While sun or moon doth rise or set.

3 A true repentance takes delight
To mind God's favours heretofore;
So when his mercies men recite,
It makes a true repentance more:
And where those virtues do increase,
They are the certain signs of peace.

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HYMN 295. C.M.

WITH one consent let all the earth
The praise of God proclaim,
Who sent the Saviour, by whose birth,
To man salvation came.

2 Let nations join to magnify
The great, the wondrous love
Of Him who left for us the sky,
And all the joys above.

3 But vainly thus in songs of praise
We bear a joyful part,
If, while our voice aloud we raise,
We lift not up the heart.

4 We, by a holy life alone,
Our Saviour's laws fulfil;
By them his glory best is shown
Who best perform his will.

5 May we to all his words attend,
With humble, pious care;
Then shall our songs to heav'n ascend,
And find acceptance there.

HYMN 296. C.M.

WITNESS ye men and angels now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To Him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break.

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2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

5 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And while we turn our vows to pray'rs,
Turn Thou our pray'rs to praise.

HYMN 297. S.M.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heav'nly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
Trim well the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his Name.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak He's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

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errors of the grave
endous sting;
ss wrath preserve,
bring.

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99. S.M.

ye trembling sain
the willows take;
of love divine,
g awake.

reign land,
from home,
house above
nent come.

to the end,
and brightness shi
nor things to com
the love divine.

darkness walk,
heav'nly flame;
o trust our God,
on his Name.

ur doubts and fears
is controul;
ess shall break throug
t of the soul.

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4 Oh happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord in glory see,
And be with honour crown'd.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own bounteous hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid th' angelic band.

HYMN 298. C.M.

YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme;
That mercy, like a river, flows
In one perpetual stream.

2 "Fear not" the pow'rs of earth and hell,
God will those pow'rs restrain;
His arm shall all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 "Fear not" the want of outward good,
For his He will provide:
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heav'n beside.

4 "Fear not" that He will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

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5 "Fear not" the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

HYMN 299. S.M.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end,
With strength and brightness shine;
Not present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the love divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heav'nly flame;
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his Name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his controul;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

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6 Bless'd is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

HYMN 300. P.M.

ZION'S King shall reign victorious,
All the earth shall own his sway,
He will make his kingdom glorious,
He shall reign through endless day.

2 Nations now from God estranged,
Then shall see a glorious light;
Night to day shall then be changed,
Heav'n shall triumph at the sight.

3 Then shall Isr'el, long dispersed,
Mourning seek the Lord their God;
Look on Him whom once they pierced,
Own and kiss the chast'ning rod.

4 Then all Isr'el shall be saved,
War and tumult then shall cease;
While the Greater Son of David
Rules a conquer'd world in peace!

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MORNING HYMN.

AWAKE my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

3 Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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EVENING HYMN.

ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eye-lids close:
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

4 Oh when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And with the bright celestial quire,
Incessant sing, and never tire?

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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DOXOLOGIES.

I. S.M.

GIVE God the Father praise;
Give glory to the Son;
To God, the Spirit of all grace,
Be equal honour done.

II. C.M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

III. L.M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

IV. L.M.

O HOLY Father, Holy Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
Thy grace devoutly we implore,
Thy Name be prais'd for evermore.

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V. C.M.

O PRAISE the Father, praise the Son,
The Lamb for sinners giv'n,
And Holy Ghost, by whom alone
Our hearts are rais'd to heav'n,

VI. P.M.

GLORY to the Father be,
Glory, Virgin-born, to Thee;
Glory to the Holy Ghost,
Ever from the heav'nly host.

VII. P.M.

PRAISE the Father, God of heaven,
Him who reigns supreme on high:
Praise the Son, for sinners given,
Both to suffer and to die:
Praise the Spirit,
Who prepares us for the sky.

VIII. P.M.

O PRAISE Him who gave
The Son of his love;
And Him who to save
Came down from above;
And let equal praises
The Spirit extol,
Who comforts and raises
And strengthens the soul.

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IX. C.M.

ALL glory to the Three in One,
The God of joy and peace,
Who comforts those who trust to Him,
And bids their sorrows cease.

X. L.M.

THUS angels sung, and thus sing we;
To God on high all glory be:
Let Him on earth his peace bestow,
And unto men his favour show.

THE END.

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